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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-NINTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

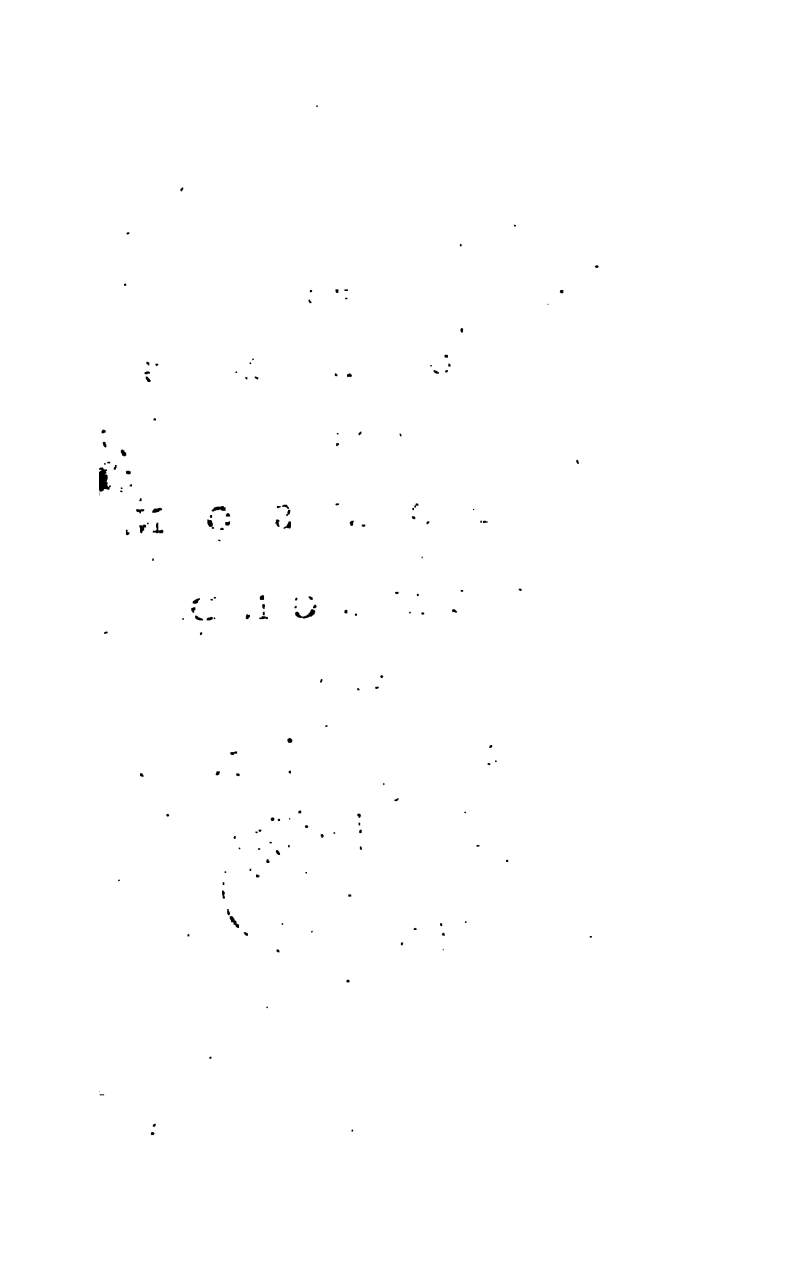
OF

THOMSON,

HAMMOND,

AND

COLLINS.



BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

" —— Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
" Quos ego—ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.
" Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.
" Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite veſtro:
" Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævumque tridentem,
" Sed mihi ſorte datum"— VIRG.

AS on the ſea-beat ſhore Britannia ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving ſad:
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe, and hollow, from the bleak ſurge blew;
Looſe flow'd her treſſes; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majeſtic brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wings. And War, though greatly rouz'd,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations ſpoke; and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.

Ev'n not yon ſail, that, from the ſky-mixt wave,
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the Royal Youth *,
A freight of future glory to my ſhore;
Ev'n not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endleſs line
Through late revolving time, can ſooth my rage;
While, unchaſtis'd, th' inſulting Spaniard dares
Infeſt the trading flood, full of vain war
Deſpiſe my navies, and my merchants ſeize;
As, truſting to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And ſail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot diſeaſe,
And ſloth diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, ſunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
And back the drooping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin; her ſons aſham'd

* Frederick.

Th

Thus idly to review their native ſhore;
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-ſought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and ſweat beneath equator ſuns,
By lawleſs force detain'd; a force that ſoon
Would melt away, and every ſpoil reſign,
Were once the Britiſh lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-aſſerted element,
Dares rouze to wrath the maſters of the main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In ſmoaky ruin? and his guilty ſtores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, ſunk in the ſwallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
  There was a time (oh, let my languid ſons
Reſume their ſpirit at the rouzing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring ſurge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundleſs breeze.
Gaily the ſplendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As ſunk the ſun, o'er all the flaming Vaſt;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of eaſy conqueſt: while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from ſky to ſky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.

But ſoon, regardleſs of the cumberous pomp,
My dauntleſs Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempeſt black, the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of Fate
Reſiſtleſs thunder'd through their yielding ſides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And ſeiz'd in horrid graſp, or ſhatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters deep they ſunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I ſwept confederate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm.
Round the glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful blaſt,
The ſcatter'd remnants drove; on the blind ſhelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented ſhore,
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian iſles.
Such were the dawnings of my watery reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
Ev'n in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the Britiſh name,
Let every humbled ſtate, let Europe ſay,
Suſtain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.
Ah, what muſt thoſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? Thoſe, for their country's good
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace.
Ah, how with indignation muſt they burn!
(If aught, but joy, can touch etherial breaſts
With ſhame! with grief! to ſee their feeble ſons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd ſeas,

For

h their wiſdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
r veins bled through many a toiling age!
ft of human bleſſings! and ſupreme!
e! how lovely, how delightful thou!
wide tie, the kindred ſons of men
hers live, in amity combin'd,
ſpicious faith; while honeſt toil
ry joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
lle, barbarous rapine but uſurps.
y reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
diſtils into the vernant glebe;
f mangled carcaſſes, ſad-ſeen,
e blithe ſheaves lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
ly ſhining ſhares, the crooked knife,
ks imprint the vegetable wound;
e land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
ng fruitage and the bleeding vine.
ce! thou ſource, and ſoul of ſocial life;
whoſe calm inſpiring influence,
is views enlarges, Art refines,
lling Commerce opens all her ports;
the man divine, who gives us thee!
ls the trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
v the giddy nations into rage;
aths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
well-pil'd armory returns;
ery vigour from the work of death,
ful induſtry converting, makes
ntry flouriſh, and the city ſmile.

Unviolated, him the virgin ſings:
And him the ſmiling mother to her train.
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The huſbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the ſailor ſooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, ſings of him;
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what inceſſant care?
What mixt anxiety? what ſleepleſs toil!
Ev'n from the raſh protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendſhip he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, ſometimes the more
Inevitable war; when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd ſtate.
Ev'n the good patient man, whom reaſon rules,
Rouz'd by bold inſult, and injurious rage,
With ſharp and ſudden check, th' aſtoniſh'd ſons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cauſe
His bolder heart; in aweful juſtice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And, as he charges through the proſtrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithleſs men, no more

To

the ſacred vengeance of the juſt.
vhat, my thoughtleſs ſons, ſhould fire you more,
hen your well-earn'd empire of the deep
ſt beginning injury receives!
etter cauſe can call your lightning forth?
ıunder wake? your deareſt life demand?
ıetter cauſe, than when your country ſees
deſtruction at her vitals aim'd?
ı, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
p your trade intire, intire the force,
›nour of your fleets: o'er that to watch,
ith a hand ſevere, and jealous eye.
:courſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
lom poliſh'd, and of manners fair;
the ſea be terrible, untam'd,
ıuerable ſtill; let none eſcape,
hall but aim to touch your glory there.
: the man, into the lion's den
ares intrude, to ſnatch his young away?
a Briton ſeiz'd? and ſeiz'd beneath
ımbering terrors of a Britiſh fleet?
ırdent riſe! Oh, great in vengeance riſe!
m the proud, teach rapine to reſtore:
; you ride ſublimely round the world,
:very veſſel ſtoop, make every ſtate
:e their welfare and their duty know.
ı your glory; this your wiſdom; this
ıtive power for which you were deſign'd
e, when Fate deſign'd the firmeſt ſtate,
'er was ſeated on the ſubject ſea;

A ſtate, alone, where Liberty ſhould live,
In theſe late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almoſt in ſlaviſh ſloth diſſolv'd.
For this, theſe rocks around your coaſt were thrown,
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, ſhoot
Strong into ſturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a ſullen courage, growing ſtill
As danger grows; and ſtrength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cheriſh this, this unexpenſive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By laviſh Nature thruſt into your hand:
And, unincumber'd with the bulk immenſe
Of conqueſt, whence huge empires roſe, and fell
Self-cruſh'd, extend your reign from ſhore to ſhore,
Wheree'er the wind your high beheſts can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal baſe.
For ſhould the ſliding fabrick once give way,
Soon ſlacken'd quite, and paſt recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep ruſhing down to that devouring gulph,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And ſhould the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thouſand thouſand labours join
Their ſeveral currents, till the boundleſs tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright ſtream, the leaſt inflected, point
Its courſe another way, o'er other lands
The various treaſure would reſiſtleſs pour,

Ne'er

o be won again; its ancient tract
vile channel, deſolate, and dead,
all around a miſerable waſte.
gypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
d in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
oaring cataracts, beyond the reach
zy viſion pil'd, in one wide flaſh
thiopian deluge foams amain
nce wondering fable trac'd him from the ſky);
not that prime of earth, where harveſts crowd
ıtill'd harveſts, all the teeming year,
he fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
then a more uncomfortable wild,
and void; than, of her trade depriv'd,
ıs, your boaſted iſle: her princes ſunk;
igh-built honour moulder'd to the duſt;
v'd her force; her ſpirit vaniſh'd quite;
rapid wing her riches fled away;
nfrequented ports alone the ſign
ıat ſhe was; her merchants ſcatter'd wide;
ollow ſhops ſhut up; and in her ſtreets,
elds, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
hearful voice of labour heard no more.
, let not then waſte Luxury impair
manly ſoul of toil, which ſtrings your nerves,
your own proper happineſs creates!
et not the ſoft, penetrating plague
on the free-born mind; and working there,
the ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
ſs, and idle all, eat out the heart

Of

Of Liberty; the high conception blaſt;
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good, erazing from the mind:
While nought ſave narrow ſelfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt.
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total diſſolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.
Oppreſſion raging o'er the waſte he makes;
The human being almoſt quite extinct;
And the whole ſtate in broad corruption ſinks.
Oh, ſhun that gulph: that gaping ruin ſhun!
And countleſs ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*,
The light of life, the ſun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Ev'n where the keen depreſſive north deſcends,
Still ſpread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While ſlaviſh ſouthern climates beam in vain!
And may a public ſpirit from the *throne*,
Where every virtue ſits, go copious forth
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inſpire,
Make thoughtful Science raiſe his penſive head,
Blow the freſh bay, bid Induſtry rejoice,
And the rough ſons of loweſt Labour ſmile.
As when, profuſe of ſpring, the looſen'd weſt
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes

Youth,

ANCIENT AND MODERN

ITALY

COMPARED:

Being the FIRST PART of

LIBERTY,

A POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART I.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Viſion. Its ſcene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddeſs of Liberty, who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak through the whole, appears, characterized as Britiſh Liberty; to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contraſted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing ſtrongeſt in the capital city Rome; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppreſſion; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to ver. 256. The old Romans apoſtrophized, with regard to the ſeveral melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tuſculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once fineſt and moſt ornamented part of Italy, all along the coaſt of Baiæ, how changed; to ver. 321. This deſolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Addreſs to the Goddeſs of Liberty, that ſhe would deduce from the firſt ages, her chief eſtabliſhments, the deſcription of which conſtitute the ſubject of the following parts of this Poem. She aſſents, and commands what ſhe ſays to be ſung in Britain; whoſe happineſs, ariſing from freedom, and a limited monarchy, ſhe marks; to ver. 391. An immediate Viſion attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condeſcenſion, that preventing generoſity, with which Your Royal Highneſs received the following poem under your protection; I can alone aſcribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the ſubject. In you the cauſe and concerns of Liberty have ſo zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the leaſt tendency to promote them, to the diſtinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleaſure far ſuperior to that of the fondeſt author; and of which all true lovers of their country muſt participate? To behold the nobleſt diſpoſitions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generoſity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate perſuaſion that on it depends the happineſs and glory both of kings and people: to ſee theſe ſhining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto ſmiled in all the ſocial lights and private accompliſhments of life, is a proſpect that cannot but inſpire a general ſentiment of ſatisfaction and gladneſs, more eaſy to be felt than expreſſed.

If

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the firſt ages down to her excellent eſtabliſhment in Great-Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to Your Royal Highneſs; if it can in any degree anſwer the dignity of the ſubject, and of the name under which I preſume to ſhelter it; I have my beſt reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greateſt zeal and reſpect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt obedient

and moſt devoted ſervant,

JAMES THOMSON.

IBERTY.

PART I.

My lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muſe gay rov'd the glad Heſperian round,
drew th' inſpiring breath of ancient arts;
little thought ſhe her returning verſe
ld ſing our darling ſubject to thy ſhade.
does the myſtic veil, from mortal beam,
lve thoſe eyes where every virtue ſmil'd,
all thy Father's candid ſpirit ſhone?
light of reaſon, pure, without a cloud;
of the generous heart, the mild regard;
our diſdaining blemiſh, cordial faith,
limpid truth, that looks the very ſoul.
to the death of mighty nations turn,
ſtrain; be there abſorpt the private tear.
luſing, I lay; warm from the ſacred walks,
ere at each ſtep imagination burns:
ile, ſcatter'd wide around, aweful, and hoar,
, a vaſt monument, once-glorious Rome,
: tomb of empire! ruins! that efface
ate'er, of finiſh'd, modern pomp can boaſt.
natch'd by theſe wonders to that world where thought
ſetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand

In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two Sires,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See Juſtice judging there, in human ſhape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſinks to Tully's tongue.
Her tribes, her cenſus, ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward.
Free for their country and for Me to die;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.
Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldeſt-born,
And of a people caſt in virtue's mold.
While ſculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this centre of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heighten'd luſtre met.
Need I the contraſt mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd.
Who but, theſe far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whoſe heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh ſphere.

Of

bting modern life; who but, inflam'd
lassic zeal, these consecrated scenes
ı and deeds to trace; unhappy land,
trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?
these the vales, that, once, exulting states
r warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
ose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
to glory? these dejected towns,
, mean, and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
enes of ancient opulence, and pomp?
e! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
ion, come! and in thy works rejoice!
ure's richest plains to putrid fens
by thy fury. From their chearful bounds,
'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
ural toil, by thy rapacious hand
of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;
ow he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
ine entire. The lonely swain himself,
oves at large along the grassy downs
:ks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
:he sickening eye can sweep around,
one desert, desolate, and grey,
by the sullen buffalo alone;
here the rank uncultivated growth
ing ages taints the passing gale.
ı the baleful blast the city pines,
s enfeebled, or infected burns.
ı it mourns the solitary road,
in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;

Winds his waſte ſtores, and ſullen ſweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unſolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful dreſt,
Amuſive, draws the ſuperſtitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of miſery, whoſe melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the deſert ſee.
See the rank vine o'er ſubterranean roofs,
Indecent, ſpread; beneath whoſe fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchleſs, while fir'd by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, juſt, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic ſoul
Known to the vulgar breaſt: behold them now
A thin deſpairing number, all-ſubdued,
The ſlaves of ſlaves, by ſuperſtition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the ſame fair clime,
Thy ſons, Oppreſſion, are; and ſuch were Mine.
Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whoſe vain ſhow
Deluded thouſands ſtarve; all age-begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd and ſcatter'd in unnumber'd ſacks,
And by the tempeſt of two thouſand years
Continual ſhaken, let my ruins vie.

Theſe roads that yet the Roman hand aſſert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
Theſe fractur'd arches, that the chiding ſtream
No more delighted hear; theſe rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where ſhines imbib'd
Each parent ray; theſe maſſy columns, hew'd
From Afric's fartheſt ſhore; one granite all,
Theſe obeliſks high-towering to the ſky.
Myſterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
Theſe endleſs wonders that this *ſacred way*
Illumine ſtill, and conſecrate to fame;
Theſe fountains, vaſes, urns, and ſtatues, charg'd
With the fine ſtores of art-compleating Greece.
Mine is, beſides, *thy* every later boaſt:
Thy Buonarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine*;
And *mine* the fair deſigns, which Raphael's ſoul
O'er the live canvaſs, emanating, breath'd.
What would you ſay, ye conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raiſe the laurel'd head;
Could you the country ſee, by ſeas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won ſo dear;
Your pride, your triumph, and ſupreme delight!
For whoſe defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You ruſh'd with rapture down the gulph of fate,
Of death ambitious! till by aweful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations roſe; poſſeſt of all
Which nature, art, and glory could beſtow:
What would you ſay, deep in the laſt abyſs
Of ſlavery, vice, and unambitious want,

Thus

Thus to behold her ſunk? Your crowded plains,
Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ſhips unknown;
Your lawleſs floods, and your abandon'd ſtreams:
Theſe could you know? theſe could you love again?
Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inſpire,
Content, poetic eaſe, and rural joy,
Soon burſting into ſong; while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, daſhing to the vale,
In many a turtur'd ſtream, you mus'd along?
Yon wild retreat, where ſuperſtition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tuſculum believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old ſong, the ſhip-forſaken bay,
Your Formian ſhore? Once the delight of earth,
Where art and nature, ever-ſmiling, join'd
On the gay land to laviſh all their ſtores.
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
Would now your Naples ſeem? Diſaſter'd leſs
By black Veſuvius thundering o'er the coaſt,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by deſpotic rage: *that* inward gnaws,
A native foe: a *foreign*, tears without.
Firſt from your flatter'd Cæſars this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled ſpreads, at laſt, the ſyren plain,
That the dire ſoul of Hannibal diſarm'd;
And wrapt in weeds the ſhore of Venus lies.
There Baiæ ſees no more the joyous throng;
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:

No

No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where ſport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, and villas riſe;
Nor, art-ſuſtain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No ſpreading ports their ſacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intruſive ſtorm,
From the calm ſtation, roll reſounding back.
An almoſt total deſolation ſits,
A dreary ſtillneſs, ſaddening o'er the coaſt;
Where, when ſoft ſuns and tepid winters roſe,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial ſtrife. Her youthful form, robuſt,
Ev'n nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
Whoſe ſtately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbiſh laid,
A neſt for ſerpents; from the red abyſs
New hills, exploſive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cume's point,
The ſea recovering his uſurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
Hence, Britain, learn; my beſt-eſtabliſh'd, laſt,
And more than Greece, or Rome, my ſteady reign;
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fulleſt bleſſings flow;
And where my jealous unſubmitting ſoul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breaſt:
Learn hence, if ſuch the miſerable fate

Of

Of an heroic race, the maſters once
Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of Me,
How grievous muſt be thine? In ſpite of climes,
Whoſe ſun-enliven'd æther wakes the ſoul
To higher powers; in ſpite of happy ſoils,
That, but by labour's ſlighteſt aid impell'd,
With treaſures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
Do there deſponding fail the common arts,
And ſuſtenance of life: could life itſelf,
Far leſs a thoughtleſs tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subſiſt with thee? Againſt depreſſing ſkies,
Join'd to full-ſpread Oppreſſion's cloudy brow,
How could thy ſpirits hold? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative ſoil?
Or, ſtoring every harveſt in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
  Here paus'd the Goddeſs. By the pauſe aſſur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer.
" Oh, firſt, and moſt benevolent of powers!
" Come from eternal ſplendors, here on earth,
" Againſt deſpotic pride, and rage, and luſt,
" To ſhield mankind; to raiſe them to aſſert
" The native rights and honour of their race:
" Teach me thy loweſt ſubject, but in zeal
" Yielding to none, the Progreſs of thy Reign,
" And with a ſtrain from Thee enrich the Muſe.
" As Thee alone ſhe ſerves, her patron, Thou,
" And great inſpirer be! then will ſhe joy,
" Through narrow life her lot, and private ſhade:
" And when her venal voice ſhe barters vile,

" Or

" Or to thy open or thy ſecret foes:
" May ne'er thoſe ſacred raptures touch her more,
" By ſlaviſh hearts unfelt! and may her ſong
" Sink in oblivion with the nameleſs crew!
" Vermin of ſtate! to thy o'erflowing light
" That owe their being, yet betray thy cauſe."
Then, condeſcending kind, the Heavenly Power
Return'd.—" What here, ſuggeſted by the ſcene,
" I ſlight unfold, record and ſing at home,
" In that beſt iſle, where (ſo we ſpirits move)
" With one quick effort of my will I am.
" There Truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accoſt
" Ev'n kings themſelves, the monarchs of the free!
" Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race
" O'er Britons wield the ſceptre of their choice:
" And there, to finiſh what his fires began,
" A Prince behold! for Me who burns ſincere,
" Ev'n with a ſubject's zeal. He my great work
" Will parent-like ſuſtain; and added give
" The touch, the Graces and the Muſes owe.
" For Britain's glory ſwells his panting breaſt;
" And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
" His pride to let the ſmiling heart abroad;
" Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
" To pleaſe his pleaſure; bounty his delight;
" And all the ſoul of Titus dwells in him."
Hail, glorious theme! but how, alas! ſhall verſe,
From the crude ſtores of mortal language drawn,
Haw faint and tedious, ſing, what, piercing deep,
The Goddeſs flaſh'd at once upon my ſoul.

For,

For, clear preciſion all, the tongue of gods,
Is harmony itſelf; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime diſcloſing ages, as ſhe ſpoke,
In long ſucceſſion pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after ſcene, the human drama ſpread;
And ſtill th' embodied picture roſe to fight.
Oh Thou, to whom the Muſes owe their flame;
Who bid'ſt, beneath the pole, Parnaſſus riſe,
And Hippocrene flow; with thy bold eaſe,
The ſtriking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy ſtrong phraſe, that rolls profound, and clear;
Oh, gracious Goddeſs! re-inſpire my ſong;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aſpiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

NOTES

NOTES on the preceding Poem.

Ver. 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

Ver. 242. Via Sacra.

Ver. 247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael d'Urbino; the three great modern maſters in ſculpture, architecture, and painting.

Ver. 273. Tuſculum is reckoned to have ſtood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

Ver. 276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulyſſes, and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

Ver. 284. Naples then under the Auſtrian government.

Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coaſt of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidſt many magnificent ruins, thoſe of a temple erected to Venus are ſtill to be ſeen.

Ver. 303. All along this coaſt the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and ſeveral populous cities ſtood.

GREECE.

GREECE:

Being the SECOND PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART II.

Liberty traced from the paſtoral ages, and the firſt uniting of neighbouring families into civil government; to ver. 47. The ſeveral eſtabliſhments of Liberty, in Egypt, Perſia, Phœnicia, Paleſtine, ſlightly touched upon, down to her great eſtabliſhment in Greece; to ver. 91. Geographical deſcription of Greece; to ver. 113. Sparta and Athens, the two principal ſtates of Greece, deſcribed; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian ſtates; with regard to their government, their politeneſs, their virtues, their arts and ſciences. The vaſt ſuperiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Perſians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the ten thouſand. Its full exertion, and moſt beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the ſource of free philoſophy. The various ſchools, which took their riſe from Socrates; to ver. 257. Enumeration of fine arts: eloquence, poetry, muſic, ſculpture, painting, and architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmoſt perfection there; to ver. 381. Tranſition to the modern ſtate of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at laſt entirely loſt among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding reflection.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

THUS ſpoke the Goddeſs of the fearleſs eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the Viſion roſe.
Firſt, in the dawn of time, with eaſtern ſwains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In ſearch of clearer ſpring, and freſher field.
Theſe, as increaſing families diſclos'd
The tender ſtate, I taught an equal ſway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erſpread,
The father-ſenate met. There Juſtice dealt,
With reaſon then and equity the ſame,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had ſtain'd her ſword with ſubject's blood.
The ſimpler arts were all their ſimple wants
Had urg'd to light. But inſtant, theſe ſupply'd,
Another ſet of fonder wants aroſe,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking puſh'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to ſhine.
At firſt, on brutes alone the ruſtic war

Launch'd the rude ſpear; ſwift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young ſportive life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endleſs joys,
Led on by equal toils, the boſom fir'd;
Lewd lazy rapine broke primæval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle foreſts drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering ſwain,
Seiz'd what he durſt not earn. Then brother's blood
Firſt, horrid, ſmoak'd on the polluted ſkies.
Aweful in juſtice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawleſs men,
The laſt worſt monſters of the ſhaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the ſharpen'd ſpear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then aroſe;
Who, ſcorning coward ſelf, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their eaſe, and for their ſafety bled.
Weſt with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth ſmil'd beneath my beam: the Muſe before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and ſigh'd the ſhepherd's pain;
But now, to ſing heroic deeds, ſhe ſwell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For Greece my ſons of Egypt I forſook:
A boaſtful race, that in the vain abyſs
Of fabling ages lov'd to loſe their ſource,
And with their river trac'd it from the ſkies.
While there my laws alone deſpotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd;

I taught

I taught them ſcience, virtue, wiſdom, arts;
By poets, ſages, legiſlators ſought;
The ſchool of poliſh'd life, and human-kind.
But when myſterious Superſtition came,
And, with her civil ſiſter leagu'd, involv'd
In ſtudy'd darkneſs the deſponding mind;
Then Tyrant Power the righteous ſcourge unloos'd:
For yielded reaſon ſpeaks the ſoul a ſlave.
Inſtead of uſeful works, like Nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders cruſh'd the land;
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deſerv'd,
For one vile carcaſs periſh'd countleſs lives.
Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is mine,
"'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd,
His phrenzy ſoon the proud blaſphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns loſt their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal ſtate
Of riſing Perſia, ſober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waſte: nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia; firſt for letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and ſilent ſpeak to ſight,
Of arts prime ſource, and guardian! by fair ſtars,
Firſt tempted out into the lonely deep;
To whom I firſt diſclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to ſubdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earneſt of Britain. Nor by theſe retain'd;

Nor by the neighbouring land, whoſe palmy ſhore
The ſilver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail Nature's utmoſt boaſt! unrival'd Greece!
My faireſt reign! where every power benign
Conſpir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And laviſh'd all that genius can inſpire.
Clear ſunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægæan, temper'd kind,
Light, airy ſoils. A country rich, and gay;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harveſt, joyous vales.
Mountains and ſtreams, where verſe ſpontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the ſeat of gods,
And ſtill the mountains and the ſtreams of ſong.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and My reſtleſs Arts
Frame into finiſh'd life. How many ſtates,
And cluſtering towns, and monuments of fame,
And ſcenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Iſles
In ſhining proſpect riſe, and on the ſhore
Of fartheſt Crete reſounds the Libyan main.
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
Amid a circle of ſoft-riſing hills,
The patient Sparta one: the ſober, hard,
And man-ſubduing city; which no ſhape

Of

could conquer, nor of pleaſure charm.
s there built, on the ſolid baſe
l life, ſo well a temper'd ſtate;
nix'd each government, in ſuch juſt poiſe;
wer ſo checking, and ſupporting, each;
n for ages, and unmov'd, it ſtood,
of Greece! without one giddy hour,
:k of faction, or of party-rage.
in'd the ſprings of wealth, Corruption there
ıer'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
neglected Art, with weedy vice
lded, ſunk. But if Athenian arts
ɔt the ſoil; yet there the calm abode
ɔm, virtue, philoſophic eaſe,
y ſenſe and wit, in frugal phraſe
, and preſs'd into laconic force.
ɔo, by rooting thence ſtill treacherous ſelf,
ɔlic and the private grew the ſame.
ldren of the nurſing publick all,
its table fed, for that they toil'd,
they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
der mother urg'd her ſon to die.
ter genius, but not leſs intent
the palm of empire, Athens roſe:
with bright marbles big and future pomp,
ıs ſpread, amid the ſcented ſky.
ny treaſures to the labouring bee,
botanic hand the ſtores of health;
n a ſoul-attenuating clime,
Ilyſſus and Cephiſſus glow'd

This hive of ſcience, ſhedding ſweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, paſſionate for Me, an eaſy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of ſpeech,
Inforcing haſty counſel immature,
Totter'd the raſh democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at laſt, their mild reſtorer, roſe:
Allay'd the tempeſt; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the ſettling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two ſenates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving ſtate.
Nor was my forming care to theſe confin'd.
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who ſhould moſt excel
In government well-pois'd, adjuſted beſt
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free ſocial life, and poliſh'd manners fair:
In exerciſe, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Perſian pride:
In moral ſcience, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they ſtrove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By conteſt brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,

Felt

Felt every ardour burn: their great reward
The verdant wreathe, which founding Piſa gave.
Hence flouriſh'd Greece; and hence a race of men,
As gods by conſcious future times ador'd:
In whom each virtue wore a ſmiling air,
Each ſcience ſhed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the *fam'd paſs*, firm as an iſthmus ſtood;
And the whole eaſtern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart it's viſion, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band, an hoſt of ſlaves.
Hence through the continent ten thouſand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whoſe glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deſerts, in vain,
Oppos'd their courſe; and hoſtile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whoſe jaws deſtruction grin'd
Hunger, and toil; Armenian ſnows, and ſtorms;
And circling myriads ſtill of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their ſteady column pierc'd the ſcattering herds,
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief
Fir'd and ſuſtain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almoſt almighty in ſevere extremes!
The ſea at laſt from Colchian mountains ſeen,
Kind-hearted tranſport round their captains threw
The ſoldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes

With

With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries reſounding loud—*The ſea! the ſea!*
In Attic bounds hence heroes, ſages, wits,
Shone thick as ſtars, the milky way of Greece!
And though gay wit, and pleaſing grace, was theirs,
All the ſoft modes of elegance and eaſe;
Yet was not courage leſs, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and diſquiſition deep.
My Spirit pours a vigour through the ſoul
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inſpires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler ſcience, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not leſs intrepid burſt
The bonds of tyrant darkneſs, than they ſpurn'd
The Perſian chains: while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Inceſſant ſtruggled taſte refining taſte,
And friendly free diſcuſſion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all ſhone out the great Athenian Sage,
And father of philoſophy: the ſun,
From whoſe white blaze emerg'd each various ſect
Took various tints, but with diminiſh'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every ſtreet,
Dealt priceleſs treaſure: goodneſs his delight,
Wiſdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His ſimple queſtion ſtole: as into truth,
And ſerious deeds, he ſmil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bleſs,

Or

Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
In different ſchools. The bold poetic phraſe
Of figur'd Plato; Xenophon's pure ſtrain,
Like the clear brook that ſteals along the vale;
Diſſecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
Th' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic ſneer;
The ſlow-conſenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliſs to virtue, the glad eaſe
Of Epicurus, ſeldom underſtood.
They, ever-candid, reaſon ſtill oppos'd
To reaſon; and, ſince virtue was their aim,
Each by ſure practice try'd to prove his way
The beſt. Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid baſe
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind:
For ſyſtems yet, and ſoul-enſlaving creeds,
Slept with the monſters of ſucceeding times.
From prieſtly darkneſs ſprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and ſword, and rage, and horrid names.
O, Greece! thou ſapient nurſe of Finer Arts!
Which to bright ſcience blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praiſe, that Thou, and Thou alone,
In theſe haſt led the way, in theſe excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of aſſenting time.
In thy full language, ſpeaking mighty things;
Like a clear torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
A broad majeſtic ſtream, and rolling on
Through all the winding harmony of ſound:
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul;

Still'd

Still'd by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
Or bade it threatening riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muſe, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding phraſe, or jarring ſound,
Her unconfin'd divinity diſplay'd;
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will:
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the tongue of gods.
Heroic ſong was thine; the Fountain-Bard,
Whence each poetic ſtream derives its courſe.
Thine the dread *moral ſcene*, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durſt not mix her voice,
When Reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or ſtorm'd; and in th' impaſſion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet ſunk.
This potent ſchool of manners, but when left
To looſe neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundleſs coſt, by thee; whoſe every ſon,
Ev'n laſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had flavour to the nouriſh'd ſoul.
The ſweet enforcer of the poet's ſtrain,
Thine was the meaning muſic of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of paſſion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-ſearching voice, and artful hand,
To which reſpondent ſhakes the varied ſoul.
Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,

The

ft of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture ſeiz'd,
le them ever ſmile in Parian ſtone.
g beauty's choice, and that again
;, blending in a perfect whole,
rkmen left ev'n Nature's ſelf behind.
oſe far different, whoſe prolific hand
a nation; they for years on years,
:ool touches of judicious toil,
apid genius curbing, pour'd it all
h the live features of one breathing ſtone.
beaming full, it ſhone; expreſſing gods:
wful brow, Apollo's air divine,
rce atrocious frown of ſinew'd Mars,
ly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
ly perfect all! Each dimple ſunk,
ery muſcle ſwell'd, as Nature taught,
:s, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
in looſe robes, or thin tranſparent veils;
into motion; ſoften'd into fleſh;
'd to paſſion, or refin'd to ſoul.
leſs thy pencil, with creative touch,
imic life, when all thy brighteſt dames,
led, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
hen Apelles, who peculiar knew
: a grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
ıl of beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
rom the billows, bluſhing orient charms.
ich enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
ruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
to the ground; and, rather than deſtroy

The

The patriot picture, let the city 'ſcape.
  Firſt elder Sculpture taught her Siſter Art
Correct deſign; where great ideas ſhone,
And in the ſecret trace expreſſion ſpoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or eaſy; and, caſt free behind,
The ſwelling mantle's well-adjuſted flow.
Then the bright Muſe, their eldeſt ſiſter, came;
And bade her follow where ſhe led the way:
Bade earth, and ſea, and air, in colours riſe;
And copious action on the canvaſs glow;
Gave her gay fable; ſpread invention's ſtore;
Enlarg'd her view; taught compoſition high,
And juſt arrangement, circling round one point,
That ſtarts to ſight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muſe a nobler aim,
And, ſcorning the ſoft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and ſchools,
Heroic deeds ſhe trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each moral beauty to the raviſh'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd preſence of the God,
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or aſſembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the ſage,
The living leſſon ſtole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
Theſe rouze to glory; while, to rural life,
The ſofter canvaſs oft compos'd the ſoul.
There gayly broke the ſun-illumin'd cloud;

The

The leſſening proſpect, and the mountain blue,
Vaniſh'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
White, down the rock, the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
The ſun ſhone, trembling, o'er the diſtant main;
The tempeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving ſtorm
Sadden'd the ſkies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the ſcath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In cloſing ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
With peace, and love, and innocence around,
Pip'd the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public Virtue thus the ſmiling Arts,
Unblemiſh'd handmaids, ſerv'd! the Graces they
To dreſs this faireſt Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of ſordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great maſters ſtrove;
Courted by kings, and by contending ſtates
Aſſum'd the boaſted honour of their birth.
In Architecture too thy rank ſupreme!
That art where moſt magnificent appears
The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who ſcorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of ſhame.
Not thoſe gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
Shot, all proportion, up. Firſt unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric roſe;

Th'

Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath.
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial riſe.

Theſe were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) ſay, Goddeſs, where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! ſhe reſum'd: deep in the kindred gloom
Of ſuperſtition, and of ſlavery ſunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By looſe dejected ſloth and ſervile fear;
No ſcience pierce the darkneſs of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious ſoul
Of imitation in their breaſt awake.
Ev'n, to ſupply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeleſs hand.
Scarce any trace remaining, veſtige grey,
Or nodding column on the deſert ſhore,
To point where Corinth, or where Athens ſtood.
A faithleſs land of violence, and death!
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the ſhore;
And his wild impulſe curious ſearch reſtrains,
Afraid to truſt th' inhoſpitable clime.
Neglected nature fails; in ſordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.

The

iimſelf ſeems angry, to regard,
inworthy, the degenerate race;
them oft with peſtilential rays:
th, blue poiſon ſteaming on the ſkies,
, ſhakes them from her troubled ſides.
m man to man, Fate's firſt decree,
Death the tide of riches rolls,
nuſt die, and Liberty go round.
vas the ſtand, ere virtue, valour, arts,
ɔul fir'd by Me (that often, ſtung
ights of better times and old renown,
ra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
extinct in Greece, their works effac'd
o'er all unfeeling bondage ſpread.
nov'd my much-reluctant flight,
the doubtful wing: when Greece with Greece
in foul contention fought no more
ion glory, and for common weal:
to freedom, ſought to quell the free;
firm band of peace, and ſacred love,
the whole irrefragable force;
round the partial trophy bluſh'd,
he way for total overthrow.
ne Perſian power, whoſe pride they ſcorn'd,
rxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
' turns, and Athens, vilely ſued;
: venal parricides, to ſpill
ntry's braveſt blood, and on themſelves
neir matchleſs mercenary arms.
n Suſa, then, ſat the great king;

And by the trick of treaties, the ſtill waſte
Of ſly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his ſteel could ne'er perform.
Profuſe he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering ſtates; their wild aſſemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blaſt the ſeas:
And by their lifted orators, whoſe breath
Still with a factious ſtorm infeſted Greece,
Rouz'd them to civil war, or daſh'd them down
To ſordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta ſhook
Aſtoniſh'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-ſpread o'er Aſia's ſunny ſhore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw
Reſpiring Athens rear again her walls;
And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
To cruſh this rival city to the duſt.
For now no more the noble ſocial ſoul
Of Liberty my families combin'd;
But by ſhort views, and ſelfiſh paſſions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd ſevere, and wag'd eternal war:
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted force;
Nor, with falſe glory, diſcord, madneſs blind,
Saw how the blackening ſtorm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle ſtain'd,
The bluſh and boaſt of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory, ſhone ſupreme:

But

But let deteſting ages, from the ſcene
Of Greece ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening eye.
At laſt, when bleeding from a thouſand wounds,
She felt her ſpirits fail; and in the duſt
Her lateſt heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Ageſilaus, and the Theban Friends:
The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire ſcent of Cheronæa lur'd,
And, fierce-deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs prey.
Thus tame ſubmitted to the victor's yoke
Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every Grace, and Muſe, and Science born;
With arts of war, of government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the beſt;
Whom ſ Myſelf could ſcarcely rule: and thus
The Perſian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
Unleſs Corruption firſt deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born ſoul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But ſoon as Independence ſtoops the head,
To vice enſlav'd, and vice-created wants;
Then to ſome foul corrupting hand, whoſe waſte
Theſe heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds:
From man to man the ſlackening ruin runs,
Till the whole ſtate unnerv'd in Slavery ſinks.

NOTES on PART II.

Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 63. The pyramids.

Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.

Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.

Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was ſituated.

Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or ſupreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: and the council of Four Hundred, by him inſtituted. In this council all affairs of ſtate were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the aſſembly of the people.

Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

Ver. 180. The ſtraits of Thermopylæ.

Ver. 197. Xenophon.

Ver. 222. Socrates.

Ver. 272. Homer.

Ver. 323. When Demetrius beſieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by ſetting fire to that quarter of it where ſtood the houſe of the celebrated Protogenes; he choſe rather to raiſe the ſiege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jaſylus, the maſterpiece of that painter.

Ver. 442. So the kings of Perſia were called by the Greeks.

Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Perſians; by which the Lace-

Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks eſtabliſhed in the Leſſer Aſia to the dominion of the king of Perſia.

Ver. 459. Athens had been diſmantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the firſt Peloponneſian war, and was at this time reſtored by Conon to its former ſplendor.

Ver. 470. The Peloponneſian war.

Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Ver. 480. The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

ROME:

Being the THIRD PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART III.

As this part contains a deſcription of the eſtabliſhment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies ſettled in the ſouthern parts of Italy, which with Sicily conſtituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With theſe colonies the ſpirit of Liberty, and of republics, ſpreads over Italy; to ver. 32. Tranſition to Pythagoras and his philoſophy, which he taught through thoſe free ſtates and cities; to ver. 71. Amidſt the many ſmall republics in Italy, Rome the deſtined ſeat of Liberty. Her eſtabliſhment there dated from the expulſion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece; to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the firſt part of this poem: to mark its riſe and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its firſt ages, the greateſt force of Liberty and Virtue exerted; to ver. 103. The ſource whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of theſe virtues. Thence their ſecurity at home; their glory, ſucceſs, and empire, abroad; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire, geographically deſcribed; to ver. 257. The ſtates of Greece reſtored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the higheſt inſtance of public generoſity and beneficence; to ver. 328. The loſs of Liberty in Rome. Its cauſes, progreſs, and completion in the death of Brutus; to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors; to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddeſs of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infuſing into them her ſpirit and general principles, She lays the ground-work of her future eſtabliſhments; ſends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enſlaved; and then, with arts and ſciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to ver. 550. The celeſtial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

I B E R T Y.

P A R T III.

RE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted ſtill whate'er the Goddeſs ſung.
I, impatient: "From extinguiſh'd Greece,
what new region ſtream'd the human day?"
ftly ſighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
n'd to Boreas, the declining year,
n'd: Indignant, theſe laſt ſcenes I fled;
ong ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
he Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
atium ſtood arouz'd. Ages before,
mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
n after ſwarm, her ardent youth around,
ſia, Afric, Sicily, they ſtoop'd,
nief on fair Heſperia's winding ſhore;
e, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales,
roll'd increaſing colonies along,
ent materials for my Roman Reign.
them *my ſpirit* ſpread; and numerous ſtates
ities roſe, on Grecian models form'd;
parental policy, and arts,
had imbib'd. Beſides, to each aſſign'd
rdian genius, o'er the public weal,

Kept

Kept an uncloſing eye; try'd to ſuſtain,
Or more ſublime, the ſoul infus'd by Me:
And ſtrong the battle roſe, with various wave,
Againſt the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almoſt all below the proud regard
Of ſtory vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not ſo the Samian Sage; to him belongs
The brighteſt witneſs of recording fame.
For theſe free ſtates his native iſle forſook,
And a vain tyrant's tranſitory ſmile,
He ſought Crotona's pure ſalubrious air,
And through great Greece his gentle wiſdom taught;
Wiſdom that calm'd for liſtening years the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the ſtorm of zeal,
His mental eye firſt launch'd into the deeps
Of boundleſs æther; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathleſs ſky
Unerring roll, and wind their ſteady way.
There he the full conſenting choir beheld;
There firſt diſcern'd the ſecret band of love,
The kind attraction, that to central ſuns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Inſtructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The ſun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power:
Whom nought can image, and who beſt approves

The ſilent worſhip of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous heaven, and ſpreads the joy.
Nor ſcorn'd the ſoaring ſage to ſtoop to life,
And bound his reaſon to the ſphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
Inſpir'd the ſtudy of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd
Where with enlighten'd juſtice mercy mix'd.
He ev'n, into his tender ſyſtem, took
Whatever ſhares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indiſſoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever ſhifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd againſt the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with ſome kindred ſoul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain aſcend,
And not a circling form, but riſing whole.

Amid theſe ſmall republics one aroſe,
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,
Fated for Me. A nobler ſpirit warm'd
Her ſons; and, rouz'd by tyrants, nobler ſtill
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chac'd,
With all their crimes; bade radiant æras riſe,
And the long honours of the conſul-line.

Here, from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I vary'd; whoſe unmixing ſtates,
By the keen ſoul of emulation pierc'd,
Long wag'd alone the bloodleſs war of arts,
And their *beſt* empire gain'd. But to diffuſe

O'er

O'er *men* an empire was my purpoſe now:
To let my martial majeſty abroad;
Into the vortex of one ſtate to draw
The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and ſet nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my ampleſt reign.
Now, while its firſt, laſt, periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it labouring roſe, and rapid fell.
When Rome in noon-tide empire graſp'd the world
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs legions ſhone,
The nations ſtoop'd around; though then appear'd
Her grandeur moſt, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people preſs'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty ſtruggle then;
Then for each Roman I an hero told;
And every paſſing ſun, and Latian ſcene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and aweful deeds,
That or ſurpaſs the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with ſacred horror ſtrike.
For then, to prove my moſt exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection puſh'd,
To fondneſs or enthuſiaſtic zeal,
The great, the reigning paſſion of the free.
That godlike paſſion! which, the bounds of ſelf
Divinely burſting, the whole publick takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd ſelves;
Of all who ſafe beneath the voted laws
Of the ſame parent ſtate, fraternal, live.

From

From this kind ſun of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that ſhine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd through ſtory, warm remoteſt time.
Theſe virtues too, reflected to their ſource,
Encreas'd its flame. The ſocial charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive ſtill,
As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading nature was not heard;
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more:
Stern to themſelves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence ſweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmoſt rage;
High-minded hope, which at the loweſt ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The braveſt impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd deſpair.
Hence moderation a new conqueſt gain'd;
As on the vanquiſh'd, like deſcending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns beſtow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no ſeaſon pierce.
Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd,
Serene, and ſelf-ſufficient, like a God;
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honeſt roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The man maintain'd; the Roman's ſplendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:

Or ready, a rough ſwain, to guide the plough;
Or elſe, the purple o'er his ſhoulder thrown,
In long majeſtic flow, to rule the ſtate,
With wiſdom's pureſt eye; or, clad in ſteel,
To drive the ſteady battle on the foe.
Hence every paſſion, ev'n the proudeſt, ſtoop'd,
To common-good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All ſubmiſſive hence,
Conſuls, dictators, ſtill reſign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though conqueſt o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her ſnowy ſteeds
To the triumphal car; ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt hour of ſway, taught to ſubmit
(A harder leſſon that than to command),
Into the private Roman ſunk the chief.
If Rome was ſerv'd, and glorious, careleſs they
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in a rival's train,
Sung the loud löe by themſelves deſerv'd.
Hence matchleſs courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulph.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counſel never given before;
For Roman honour fued, and his own doom.
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aſide,

His

: children climbing for a kiſs;
mb through rows of weeping wondering friends,
luſtrious exile! preſs'd along.
impatient did he pierce the crowds
; his return, than if, eſcap'd
ng litigious ſuits, he glad forſook
y town a while, and city cloud,
he Venafrian, or Tarentine air.
heſe high particulars recount?
neſt boſom felt a thirſt for fame;
eir worſt death, and ſhame their only fear.
no charms, nor any terrors fate,
ome and glory call'd. But, in one view,
e rare boaſt of theſe unequal'd times,
olv'd unfully'd by a crime:
ign'd, and ſcarcely needed laws
a race elated with the pride
e, and diſdaining to deſcend
neſs, mutual violence, and wrongs.
ar around them rag'd, in happy Rome
eful ſmil'd, all ſave the paſſing clouds
en hang on Freedom's jealous brow!
unblemiſh'd centuries elaps'd,
ot a Roman bled but in the field.
rtue ſuch, that an unbalanc'd ſtate,
ween noble and plebeian toſt,
'd the wave of fluctuating power,
nce kept firm, and with triumphant prow
t the ſtorms. Oft though the native feuds,
m the firſt their conſtitution ſhook,

(A la-

(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to ruſh: yet could the lenient voice
Of wiſdom, ſoothing the tumultuous ſoul,
Thoſe ſons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by ſelf, ſo naked lay,
And ſenſible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by oppreſſion ſwell'd,
Prevail'd a ſimple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided ſtate.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The ſoothing touch; ſtill, in the love of Rome,
The dread dictator found a ſure reſource.
Was ſhe aſſaulted? was her glory ſtain'd?
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
By ſocial danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their deareſt country all, to die.
Thus up the hill of empire ſlow they toil'd;
Till, the bold ſummit gain'd, the thouſand ſtates
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they reſiſtleſs ruſh'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
Let Fancy's eye the diſtant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the weſtern main,
Where ſtorms at large reſound, and tides immenſe
From Caledonia's dim cærulean coaſt,
And moiſt Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the reſtleſs clouds, and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.

Mark

t oppos'd, where firſt the ſpringing morn
ſheds, and ſhakes around her dews:
dire deſerts by the Caſpian lav'd,
the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
s tear the Babylonian plain;
Arabia aromatic breathes.
lividing far the watery north,
floods! from the majeſtic Rhine,
Batavian meads, to where, ſeven-mouth'd,
e waves the flaſhing Danube roars;
the frozen Tanais ſcarcely ſtirs
Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
ick Scythian ſea his torrent throws.
t beneath the burning zone behold.
it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
itania to the Libyan ſands,
mmon lifts amid the torrid waſte
t iſle, with ſhade and fountain freſh;
her to the full Egyptian ſhore,
the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
-drain'd ethereal urn, deſcends.
ſt ſpace what various tongues, and ſtates!
unding rocks, and mountains, floods and ſeas!
rple tyrants quell'd, and nations free'd!
reece deſcended chief, with ſtealth divine,
an bounty in a flood of day:
Iſthmian games, a fading pomp!
aſſembled youth innumerous ſwarm'd.
unal rain'd Flaminius ſat;
he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd

Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtleſs gaiety of game,
While ſport alone their unambitious hearts
Poſſeſs'd; the ſudden trumpet, ſounding hoarſe,
Bade ſilence o'er the bright aſſembly reign.
Then thus a herald.—"To the ſtates of Greece
"The Roman People, unconfin'd, reſtore
"Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
"Taxes remit, and garriſons withdraw."
The crowd aſtoniſh'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; ſome queſtion'd, ſome exclaim
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is loſt in anxious joy) Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, diſtinct, and loud.
Loud, and diſtinct, it was again proclaim'd;
And ſtill as midnight in the rural ſhade,
When the gale ſlumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while ſevere amazement held them mute,
Then, burſting broad, the boundleſs ſhout to heave
From many a thouſand hearts ecſtatic ſprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The ſwelling ſea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets ſtately Corinth ſhook;
And, from the void above of ſhatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathleſs to the ground.
What piercing bliſs! how keen a ſenſe of fame,
Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmoſt ſoul!
And with what deep-felt glory didſt thou then
Eſcape the fondneſs of tranſported Greece!

Mi

Mix'd in a tempeſt of ſuperior joy,
They left the ſports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other ſtraining in a ſtrict embrace,
Nor ſtrain'd a ſlave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the proconſul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the feſtive hours;
And muſic, ſparkling wine, and converſe warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.—"Ye Gods! they cry'd,
"Ye guardian Gods of Greece! And are we free?
"Was it not madneſs deem'd the very thought?
"And is it true? How did we purchaſe chains?
"At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
"And are they now diſſolv'd? And ſcarce one drop
"For the fair firſt of bleſſings have we paid?
"Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
"When rages wide the ſtorm of mingling war,
"Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
"To turn ſucceſs, and conqueſt, rarer ſtill:
"That the great Gods and Romans only know.
"Lives there on earth, almoſt to Greece unknown,
"A people ſo magnanimous, to quit
"Their native ſoil, traverſe the ſtormy deep,
"And by their blood and treaſure, ſpent for us,
"Redeem our ſtates, our liberties, and laws!
"There does! there does! oh, ſaviour Titus! Rome!"
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their ſouls,
And in my laſt reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the ſhepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks, and gameſome kids;
Meantime the ſun, beneath the green earth ſunk,

Slants upward o'er the ſcene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the ſwain;
To weſtern worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the ſource of light recalls his ray.
Here interpoſing I.—"Oh, Queen of men!
"Beneath whoſe ſceptre in eſſential rights
"Equal they live; though plac'd, for common good,
"Various, or in ſubjection, or command;
"And that by common choice: alas! the ſcene,
"With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
"Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus ſhe purſued.—Near this great æra, Rome
Began to feel the ſwift approach of fate,
That now her vitals gain'd: ſtill more and more
Her deep diviſions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and deſolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her ſons
Theſe fierce contentions ſprung; and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue ſunk,
As, with the ſliding rock, the pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying ſcale, and poiſe the ſtate.
On one ſide ſwell'd Ariſtocratic pride;
With Uſury, the villain! whoſe fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baſeneſs the free ſoul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,

Mother

of vice! while on the other crept
ice in want, with pleaſure fir'd;
roſcriptions, for the darkeſt deeds,
roud feeder bade: inconſtant, blind,
friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
d ſeditious, when a chief inſpir'd
adlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
ſlaves that lick'd the ſcourging hand.
irm republic, that againſt the blaſt
ition roſe; that (like an oak,
n feracious Algidum, whoſe boughs
iger ſhoot beneath the rigid axe)
by ſlaughter, from the ſteel itſelf,
ce and ſpirit drew; ſmit with the calm,
l ſerene of proſperous fortune, pin'd.
now her weighty legions could oppoſe;
r once on Afric's tawny ſhore,
ak'd in duſt, a ſtabling now for wolves;
y dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
deſtructive, from the conquer'd eaſt,
ft plunder came that worſt of plagues,
tilence of mind, a fever'd thirſt
alſe joys which luxury prepares.
y joys! that waſteful leave behind
of honour, in reflecting hour,
ray to glad the conſcious ſoul;
involving in one ruin wealth,
lth-acquiring powers: while ſtupid ſelf,
w guſt, and hebetating ſenſe
he nobler faculties of bliſs.

Hence Roman virtue ſlacken'd into ſloth;
Security relax'd the ſoftening ſtate;
And the broad eye of government lay clos'd;
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party rag'd;
And partial power, and licence unreſtrain'd,
Let diſcord through the deathful city looſe.
Firſt, mild Tiberius, on thy ſacred head
The fury's vengeance fell; the firſt, whoſe blood
Had ſince the conſuls ſtain'd contending Rome.
Of precedent pernicious! with thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thouſand more; till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The forum and comitia horrid grew,
A ſcene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
When, half-aſham'd, Corruption's thieviſh arts,
And ruffian force began to ſap the mounds
And majeſty of laws; if not in time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human aid too ſtrong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
  Thus luxury, diſſenſion, a mix'd rage
Of boundleſs pleaſure and of boundleſs wealth,
Want wiſhing change, and waſte repairing war,
Rapine for ever loſt to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuſe of blood revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawleſs force,
Each heightening each, alternate ſhook the ſtate,
Meantime ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd

And

poil of nations, in one circling blaſt
in'd in various ſtorm, and from its baſe
road republic tore. By virtue built,
:h'd the ſkies, and ſpread o'er ſhelter'd earth
ıple roof: by virtue too ſuſtain'd,
alanc'd ſteady, every tempeſt ſung
ious by, or bade it firmer ſtand.
hen, with ſudden and enormous change,
rſt of mankind ſunk into the laſt,
ce in virtue, ſo in vice extreme,
ıniverſal fabric yielded looſe,
ambition ſtill; and thundering down,
t, beneath its ruins cruſh'd a world.
quering people, to themſelves a prey,
ever fall; when their victorious troops,
od and rapine ſavage grown, can find
ıd to ſack and pillage but their own.
brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, firſt
l the deluge dire of civil blood,
ſing woes began, and this, or that,
-drenching their revenge) nor virtue ſpar'd,
x, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
ome, into an human ſhambles turn'd,
deſerts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains
:d race!—If no true Roman then,
ævola there was, to raiſe for Me
geful hand: was there no father, robb'd
oming youth to prop his wither'd age?
, a witneſs to his hoary fire
: and gore defil'd? no friend, forlorn?

No wretch that doubtful trembled for himſelf?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monſter's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deſerv'd
The ſacred ſhelter of the laws he ſpurn'd?
No. Sad o'er all profound dejection ſat;
And nerveleſs fear. The ſlave's aſylum theirs:
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to ſlaughter; or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power reſign'd,
And all unhop'd the common-wealth reſtor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Through ſtreets yet ſtreaming from his murderous ha
Unarm'd he ſtray'd, unguarded, unaſſail'd,
And on the bed of peace his aſhes laid;
A grace, which I to his demiſſion gave.
But with him dy'd not the deſpotic ſoul.
Ambition ſaw that ſtooping Rome could bear
A Maſter, *nor had virtue to be free.*
Hence, for ſucceeding years, my troubled reign
No certain peace, no ſpreading proſpect, knew.
Deſtruction gather'd round. Still the black ſoul,
Or of a Catiline, or Rullus, ſwell'd
With fell deſigns; and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the ſtate-wielding magic of his tongue;
And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With theſe I linger'd; till the flame anew
Burſt out in blaze immenſe, and wrapt the world.
The ſhameful conteſt ſprung; to whom mankind

Shou

I yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
e impatient of an equal name;
the nobler Cæſar, on whoſe brow
aring vice deluding virtue ſmil'e,
who no leſs a vain ſuperior ſcorn'd.
bled, but bled in vain. New traitors roſe,
enal WILL *be bought, the baſe have lords.*
eſe vile wars I left ambitious ſlaves;
rom Philippi's field, from where in duſt
iſt of Romans, matchleſs Brutus! lay,
I to the north untam'd a rapid wing.
at though the firſt ſmooth Cæſar's arts careſs'd,
and virtue, ſimulating Me?
ly tender! cruelly humane!
hain to clinch, and make it ſofter ſit
e new-broken ſtill ferocious ſtate.
the dark Third, ſucceeding, I beheld
nperial monſters all.—A race on earth
Give, ſent the ſcourge of human-kind!
e blind profuſion drain'd a bankrupt world;
e luſt to forming nature ſeems diſgrace;
whoſe infernal rage bade every drop
:ient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
at of Pætus, in the peaceful bath,
me's affrighted ſtreets, inglorious flow.
moſt juſt the meanly-patient death,
waits a tyrant's unprevented ſtroke.
indeed gave one ſhort evening gleam;
cordial felt, as in the midſt it ſpread
m, and horror. The delight of men!

He

" ſire of cutting off virtue itſelf in the perſon of Thra-
" ſea, &c.

Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted ſon Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philoſophhus.

Ver. 511. Conſtantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was deſtroyed, ſculpture having been then almoſt entirely loſt.

Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a vaſt tract of country running all along the north of Europe, and Aſia.

BRITAIN:

Being the FOURTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART IV.

Difference betwixt the ancients and moderns ſlightly touched upon, to ver. 30. Deſcription of the dark ages. The Goddeſs of Liberty, who during theſe is ſuppoſed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science, to ver. 100. She firſt deſcends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their ſeveral arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invaſions had not been able to deſtroy. The revival of theſe arts marked out. That ſometimes arts may flouriſh for a while under deſpotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them, to ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn. The Muſe and Science attend Liberty, who in her progreſs towards Great Britain raiſes ſeveral free ſtates and cities. Theſe enumerated, to ver. 381. Author's exclamation of joy, upon ſeeing the Britiſh ſeas and coaſts riſe in the viſion, which painted whatever the Goddeſs of Liberty ſaid. She reſumes her narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addreſſing Liberty, aſſociates Great Britain into his dominion, to ver. 451. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the iſland. Theſe deſcribed. Animated by the preſence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contraſted with the works and deluſions of oppoſing demons, to ver. 626. Concludes with an abſtract of the Engliſh hiſtory, marking the ſeveral advances of Liberty, down to her complete eſtabliſhment at the revolution.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

RUCK with the riſing ſcene, thus I amaz'd:
Ah, Goddeſs, what a change! Is earth the ſame?
the ſame kind the ruthleſs race ſhe feeds?
ıd does the ſame fair ſun and æther ſpread
›und this vile ſpot their all-enlivening ſoul?
›! beauty fails; loſt in unlovely forms
: little pomp, magnificence no more
talts the mind, and bids the public ſmile:
'hile to rapacious intereſt glory leaves
[ankind, and every grace of life is gone."
› this the Power, whoſe vital radiance calls
ı the brute maſs of man an order'd world.
Wait till the morning ſhines, and from the depth
f Gothic darkneſs ſprings another day.
rue, Genius droops; the tender ancient taſte
f beauty, then freſh-blooming in her prime,
ıt faintly trembles through the callous ſoul;
nd grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
nks into ſafe purſuits, and creeping cares.
v'n cautious Virtue ſeems to ſtoop her flight,
nd aged life to deem the generous deeds
: youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought

" Well-reaſon'd, in reſearches piercing deep
" Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
" And all that calm experience can diſcloſe,
" (Slow guide, but ſure) behold the world anew
" Exalted riſe, with other honours crown'd;
" And, where My Spirit wakes the finer powers,
" Athenian laurels ſtill afreſh ſhall bloom."
Oblivious ages paſs'd; while earth, forſook
By her beſt Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; firſt ſmall of ſize,
But ſoon dilating to the ſkies ſhe towers:
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury ſpread,
And high her head above the ſtormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, ſwell'd the groaning winds
With wild ſurmizes, battlings, ſounds of war:
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
Forth ruſh'd the bloody Power of Gothic War,
War againſt human kind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train:
Unliſtening, barbarous Force, to whom the ſword
Is reaſon, honour, law: the Foe of Arts
By monſters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with theſe
Another ſpecies of tyrannic rule,
Unknown before, whoſe cancrous ſhackles ſeiz'd
Th' envenom'd ſoul; a wilder Fury, She
Ev'n o'er her Elder Siſter tyranniz'd;

Or,

, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
re was her train, and loud: the Sable Band,
ıundering,—" Submit, ye laity! ye prophane!
Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours; let kings
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
If not, behold! the ſacred lightning flies:"
ıolaſtic Diſcord, with an hundred tongues,
r ſcience uttering jangling words obſcure,
here frighted reaſon never yet could dwell:
peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
hoſe reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
ıd Holy Slander, his aſſociate firm,
ı whom the *lying ſpirit* ſtill deſcends:
other of tortures! Perſecuting Zeal,
gh-flaſhing in her hand the ready torch,
ponyard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
ll's fierceſt fiend! of ſaintly brow demure,
ſuming a celeſtial ſeraph's name,
hile ſhe beneath the blaſphemous pretence
pleaſing Parent Heaven, the *ſource of love!*
ıs wrought more horrors, more deteſted deeds,
ıan all the reſt combin'd. Led on by her,
ıd wild of head to work her fell deſigns,
me ideot Superſtition; round with ears
numerous ſtrow'd, ten thouſand monkiſh forms
ith legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
› charm or ſcare the ſimple into ſlaves,
ıd poiſon reaſon; groſs, ſhe ſwallows all,
ıe moſt abſurd believing ever moſt.
oad o'er the whole her univerſal night,

The gloom ſtill doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be ſeen, but viſionary monks
To councils ſtrolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti ſaints, diſturbing diſtant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the ſacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues againſt mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain devotion to a ſolemn farce;
To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient freedom to the rage of ſlaves,
Proud of their ſtate, and fighting for their chains;
Diſhonour'd courage to the bravo's trade,
To civil broil; and glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy reaſon totter'd on her throne.
At laſt Heaven's beſt inexplicable ſcheme,
Diſcloſing, bade new brightening æras ſmile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, ſwift we ſpread
A ſounding pinion. Eager pity, mixt
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium firſt we ſtoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, ſunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance haſt thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form haſt thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone

Was

ıy frighted ear could comprehend!
ıent, by the red inhuman hand,
with brother's, huſband's, father's blood,
thy matrons and thy virgins ſeen
on dragg'd, and mingled death!
flagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
'd thy cities into ſtony wilds;
ɔurleſs, and bare, the poor remains
es forth to nature's common caſt!
theſe, the ſtill continued waſte
foes, that on thy vitals prey,
ble tyrants, ſeize the very ſoul.
dſt thou treaſures for this rapine all?
ıgry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
:k on ſack, and bury'd in their rage
of art; whence this grey ſcene a mine
han gold becomes and orient gems,
gypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
ulpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
ent models to reſtore their arts,
. A little trace we how they roſe.
he hoary ruins ſculpture firſt,
ging, from the cavern dark and damp,
ve for ages, bid her marble race
new light. Joy ſparkled in her eyes,
emembrance thrill'd in every thought,
: pleaſing reſurrection ſaw.
; ſite, reſpiring from his toils,
known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
: cheſt, all tempeſted with force,

Unconquerable rear'd. She ſaw the head,
Breathing the hero, ſmall, of Grecian ſize,
Scarce more extenſive than the ſinewy neck;
The ſpreading ſhoulders, muſcular, and broad;
The whole a maſs of ſwelling ſinews, touch'd
Into harmonious ſhape; ſhe ſaw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and through the finiſh'd wh
Shows what ideas ſmil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aſpect, ruſh'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. Pityleſs his look,
And each keen ſinew brac'd, the ſtorm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The Dying Other from the gloom ſhe drew.
Supported on his ſhorten'd arm he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The ſuffering feature ſullen vengeance lowrs,
Shame, indignation, unaccompliſh'd rage,
And ſtill the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conqueſt-fluſh'd, from proſtrate Python, cam
The Quiver'd God. In graceful act he ſtands,
His arm extended with the ſlacken'd bow.
Light flows his eaſy robe, and fair diſplays
A manly-ſoften'd form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardleſs cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardor warms;
And ſweet ſubſiding to a native ſmile,
Mixt with the joy elating conqueſt gives,
A ſcatter'd frown exalts his matchleſs air.

lora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
hrough the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
Queen of Love aroſe, as from the deep
rung in all the melting pomp of charms.
ıl ſhe bends, her well-taught look aſide
ı in enchanting guiſe, where dubious mix
conſcious beauty, a diſſembled ſenſe
ıdeſt ſhame, and ſlippery looks of love.
azer grows enamour'd, and the ſtone,
exulting in its conqueſt, ſmiles.
n'd each limb, ſo ſwell'd with ſoftening art,
he deluded eye the marble doubts.
t her utmoſt maſter-piece ſhe found,
Maro fir'd; the miſerable ſire,
t with his ſons in fate's ſevereſt graſp,
rpents, twiſting round, their ſtringent folds
icable tie. Such paſſion here,
ıgonies, ſuch bitterneſs of pain,
ſo to tremble through the tortur'd ſtone,
he touch'd heart engroſſes all the view.
ı unmark'd the beſt proportions paſs,
ver Greece beheld; and, ſeen alone,
rapt eye th' imperious paſſions ſeize:
ather's double pangs, both for himſelf
ons convuls'd; to heaven his rueful look,
ring aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
ll deſpair with indignation mixt,
ſtrong-curling monſters from his ſide
ll-extended fury cannot tear.
ender touch'd, with varied art, his ſons

All the ſoft rage of younger paſſions ſhow.
In a boy's helpleſs fate one ſinks oppreſs'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to ſteal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but ſtrait from Gothic ruſt
Her chiſel clear'd, and duſt and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Succeſſive as it went,
From ſon to ſon, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legiſlator's aweful grace
Dreſs'd, Buonaroti bid a Moſes riſe,
And, looking love immenſe, a Saviour-God.

Of theſe obſervant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecſtatic ſhe diffus'd
The canvas, ſeiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanſe
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldeſt race,
Barren, and dry; juſt ſtruggling from the taſte,
That had for ages ſcar'd in cloyſters dim
The ſuperſtitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe caſt.
Arts gradual gather ſtreams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The Goddeſs dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like happineſs, to tempt
Th' eternal chace. In elegant deſign

Improving

Improving nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expreſſion, airs divine;
Her ſons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To thoſe of Venice ſhe the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing maſs
Of light and ſhade that ſettles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raiſe the picture, and repoſe the ſight.
The Lombard ſchool ſucceeding, mingled both.
Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
Rear'd the magnific front. Muſic again
Her univerſal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert ſpread, and ſolemn quire.
Ev'n bigots ſmil'd; to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden theſe a while
May bloom, though freedom be their parent ſoil.
And now confeſt, with gently-growing gleam,
The morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd its light.
The Muſe awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artleſs her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern courſe
She, with her tutor Science, in My train,
Ardent purſu'd, her ſtrains more noble grew:
While reaſon drew the plan, the heart inform'd

The

The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.
Rome and her circling deſerts caſt behind,
I paſs'd not idle to my great ſojourn.
On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliſs,
I ſmall republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Inſtead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and ſav'd their fate.
Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public bleſſings ſtrow'd;
Free ſtates and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In ſpite of culture negligent and groſs,
From her deep boſom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden ſpreads.
The barren rocks themſelves beneath My Foot
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian ſhore.
Thick-ſwarming people there, like emmets, ſeiz'd
Amid ſurrounding cliffs, the ſcatter'd ſpots,
Which nature left in her deſtroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor ſigh'd for other lands.
There, in white proſpect, from the rocky hill,
Gradual deſcending to the ſhelter'd ſhore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets roſe.
And while My genuine ſpirit warm'd her ſons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, ſhe
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow ſeas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

Nor

Nor be the then triumphant ſtate forgot;
Where, puſh'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant ſtill,
Inſpir'd by Me, through the dark ages kept
Of My old Roman flame ſome ſparks alive:
The ſeeming god-built city! which My hand
Deep in the boſom fix'd of wondering ſeas.
Aſtoniſh'd mortals ſail'd, with pleaſing awe,
Around the ſea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny ſtreet; where on each hand,
Amazing ſeen amid unſtable waves,
The ſplendid palace ſhines; and riſing tides,
The green ſteps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair queen of Adria's ſtormy gulph,
The mart of nations! long, obedient ſeas
Roll'd all the treaſure of the radiant Eaſt;
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worſe
(Whoſe ſhar'd oppreſſion lightens, as diffus'd)
Each ſubject tearing, many tyrants roſe.
The leaſt the proudeſt. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
Caſt o'er the whole indiſſoluble chains:
The ſofter ſhackles of luxurious eaſe.
They likewiſe added, to ſecure their ſway.
Thus Venice fainter ſhines; and commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping ſail.
Burſting, beſides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle; found another ſeat,
Opening a thouſand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can diſmay, far other ſons.

The mountains then, clad with eternal ſnow,

Confeſs'd

Confeſs'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By nature thrown inſuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly ſtates,
And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her hor
Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be ſeen! unguilty cities riſe,
Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free; and, in their happy ſtreets,
Nor cruel deed nor miſery is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to ſmile,
And preſs their culture on retiring ſnows;
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewiſe know, beyond the nerve remiſs
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The taſteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
Ev'n, chear'd by Me, their ſhaggy mountains char
More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
And ſickening fancy oft, when abſent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
The hollow-winding ſtream: the vale, fair-ſpread,
Amid an amphitheatre of hills;
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the ſudden tempeſt ſprin
From ſteep to ſteep aſcending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic ſhapes:

T

The flitting cloud, againſt the ſummit daſh'd;
And, by the ſun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy ſhower: hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding pine:
The ſnow-fed torrent, in white mazes toſt,
Down to the clear etherial lake below:
And, high o'er-topping all the broken ſcene,
The mountain fading into ſky; where ſhines
On winter winter ſhivering, and whoſe top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the ſnows,
From theſe deſcending, as I wav'd My courſe
O'er vaſt Germania, the ferocious nurſe
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave ſome favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their ſwarming ſtreets,
More buſy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my ſoul.
Thence the loud Baltic paſſing, black with ſtorm,
To wintery Scandinavia's utmoſt bound;
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a ſtate
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by froſt,
Tempeſt and toil their nerves, the ſons of thoſe
Whoſe only terror was a bloodleſs death,
They wiſe, and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain my cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the ſouth,
The whiſpering zephyrs ſigh'd at my delay.
Here, with the ſhifted viſion, burſt my joy.
"O the dear proſpect! O majeſtic view!

"See

" See Britain's empire! lo! the watery vaſt
" Wide-waves, diffuſing the cerulean plain.
" And now, methinks, like clouds at diſtance ſeen,
" Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn
" My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
" Ineffable, a ſecret ſweetneſs breathes.
" Goddeſs, forgive!—My heart, ſurpriz'd, o'erflows
" With filial fondneſs for the land you bleſs."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the Celeſtial Brightneſs ſmil'd;
Then thus: As o'er the wave-reſounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy iſle, I ſteer'd
With eaſy wing; behold! from ſurge to ſurge,
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempeſt, hung;
Thick-flaſhing meteors crown'd his ſtarry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it ſtream'd compreſt the gloomy cloud.
Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious flood, and ſhook
From ſhore to ſhore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
(Like that hoarſe blaſt that round the cavern howls,
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Addreſs'd, began—By fate commiſſion'd, go,
" My Siſter-Goddeſs now, to yon bleſt iſle,
" Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,
" All my dread walks to Britons open lie.
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy morn,
" Or yellow evening, flame; thoſe that, profuſe

" Drunk

" Drunk by equator-ſuns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the poles approaching, riſe
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
" Ev'n yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
" The vaſt Pacific; that on other worlds,
" Their future conqueſt, rolls reſounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
" Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæſars brav'd.
" Still, in the crook of ſhore, the coward fail
" Till now low-crept; and peddling commerce ply'd
" Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
" It was reſerv'd, with ſtar-directed prow,
" To dare the middle-deep, and drive aſſur'd
" To diſtant nations through the pathleſs main,
" Chief, for their fearleſs hearts the glory waits,
" Long months from land, while the black ſtormy night
" Around them rages, on the groaning maſt
" With unſhook knee to know their giddy way;
" To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing wave;
" To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
" By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
" The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
" Each conquer'd ocean ſtaining with their blood,
" Inſtead of treaſure robb'd by ruffian war,
" Round ſocial earth to circle fair exchange,
" And bind the nations in a golden chain.
" To theſe I honour'd ſtoop. Ruſhing to light,
" A race of men behold! whoſe daring deeds
" Will in renown exalt my nameleſs plains
" O'er thoſe of fabling earth, as her's to mine

" In

" In terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage heart
" Such glories check, their unſubmitting ſoul
" Would all my fury brave, my tempeſt climb,
" And might in ſpite of me my kingdom force."
Here, waiting no reply, the ſhadowy power
Eas'd the dark ſky, and to the deeps return'd:
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent Gallia's ſhore.
Of this encounter glad, My way to land
I quick purſued, that from the ſmiling ſea
Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And muſic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd aſtoniſhment the labouring hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd furrow left,
And let the liſtening ſteer forget his toil.
Unſeen by groſſer eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, theſe ſounds of joy,
Full of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing flood,
Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the continent aſide,
Indented ſhore to ſhore reſponſive ſtill,
Its guardian She—The Goddeſs, whoſe ſtaid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her treſſes, like a flood of ſoften'd light,
Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek ſits beauty's brighteſt roſe.
Of high demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding grace
With every motion. Full her riſing cheſt;
And new ideas, from her finiſh'd ſhape,
Charm'd ſculpture taking might improve her art.

Such

Such the fair guardian of an iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as vernal blooms, the faireſt dames.
High-ſhining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting Me, ſhe ſtood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mixt ſpirit burning in her ſons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the ſtate.
The Native Genii, round her, radiant ſmil'd.
Courage, of ſoft deportment, aſpect calm,
Unboaſting, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting child;
But, on juſt reaſon, once his fury rouz'd,
No lion ſprings more eager to his prey:
Blood is a paſtime; and his heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whoſe equal heart
For others feels, as for another ſelf:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind ſenſe within:
Whether the blameleſs poor, the nobly maim'd,
The loſt to reaſon, the declin'd in life,
The helpleſs young that kiſs no mother's hand,
And the grey ſecond infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A ſight to gladden Heaven! whether ſhe ſtands
Fair beckoning at the hoſpitable gate,
And bids the ſtranger take repoſe and joy:
Whether, to ſolace honeſt labour, ſhe
Rejoices thoſe that make the land rejoice:
Or whether to philoſophy, and arts,
(At once the baſis and the finiſh'd pride

Of government and life) ſhe ſpreads her hand;
Nor knows her gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that ſhe gives at all.
Juſtice to theſe her aweful preſence join'd,
The mother of the ſtate! No low revenge,
No turbid paſſions in her breaſt ferment:
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of vice,
As the laſt woe that can afflict mankind,
She puniſhment awards; yet of the good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her juſt decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land!
Where reigns alone this juſtice of the free!
'Mid the bright groupe Sincerity his front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, penſive, caſt on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the ſky.
The Genius He whence Britain ſhines ſupreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of fancy feeds intenſe,
With all the train of paſſions thence deriv'd:
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the ſhade,
And Independence ſtood: the generous pair,
That ſimple life, the quiet-whiſpering grove,
And the ſtill raptures of the free-born ſoul
To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,

Proudly

Proudly prefer them to the ſervile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of ſlaves.
Or ſhould the latter, to the public ſcene
Demanded, quit his ſylvan friend a while;
Nought can his firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His zeal, ſtill active for the common-weal;
Nor ſtormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
Foul miniſters, dark-working by the force
Of ſecret-ſapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their ſhameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly ſcorns; and, if he muſt betray
His plunder'd country, or his power reſign,
A moment's parley were eternal ſhame:
Illuſtrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unſtain'd aſcends,
And firm in ſenates ſtands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful ſhade.
Aloof the Baſhful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by ſweet diſtruſt diſtruſted worth.
Rough Labour clos'd the train: and in his hand
Rude, callous, ſinew-ſwell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he ſeems,
And more than ſeems, by lawleſs pride aſſail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and juſt, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale inſidious gall:
Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,
He ſoftening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, ſupport, and glory of the land!
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here paſs'd in ſilence; whoſe enraptur'd eye

Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine: who not from ſervile fear,
By rites for ſome weak tyrant incenſe fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effuſing gladneſs, into pleaſing awe
That now aſtoniſh'd ſwells, now in a calm
Of fearleſs confidence that ſmiles ſerene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then moſt grateful, when Heaven's bounty moſt
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-chearful power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd ſuperior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
O'er Albion was to riſe. Each chearing each,
And, like the circling planets from the ſun,
All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleaſures rather. Long the pungent time
Paſs'd not in mutual hails; but, through the land
Darting our light, we ſhone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a ſingle look.
Such grace, ſuch beauty, ſuch victorious light,
Live in their preſence, ſtream in every glance,
That the ſoul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure etherial flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppoſe our reign,
Would ſtill from us deluded mortals wrap;
Or in groſs ſhades they drown the viſual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falſehood and truth confounded, foil the ſenſe
With vain refracted images of bliſs.

nief around the court of flatter'd kings
roll the duſky rampart, wall o'er wall
rkneſs pile, and with their thickeſt ſhade
e the throne. No ſavage Alp, the den
olves, and bears, and monſtrous things obſcene,
vex the ſwain, and waſte the country round,
ted lies beneath a deeper cloud.
nere we ſometimes ſend a ſearching ray.
t the ſacred opening of the morn,
prowling race retire; ſo, pierc'd ſevere,
e our potent blaze theſe Demons fly,
ll their works diſſolve.—The whiſper'd tale,
like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
'ac'd Deceit, whoſe wily conſcious eye
looks direct. The tongue that licks the duſt,
when it ſafely dares, as prompt to ſting:
th crocodile deſtruction, whoſe fell tears
ire. The Janus face of courtly pride;
o ſuperiors heaves ſubmiſſive eyes,
pleſs worth the other ſcouls diſdain.
s that for ſome weak tenderneſs, alone,
virtuous ſlip, can wear a bluſh. The laugh
ane, when midnight bowls diſcloſe the heart,
rving virtue, and at virtue's fools.
nin'd to be broke, the plighted faith;
nore, the godleſs oath, that knows no ties.
uzzing ſlander; ſilky moths, that eat
neſt name. The harpy hand, and maw,
ricious Luxury; who makes
rone his ſhelter, venal laws his fort,

And, by his ſervice, who betrays his king.
Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
To preſent grandeur how my Britain roſe.
Bold were thoſe Britons, who, the careleſs ſons
Of nature, roam'd the foreſt-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars:
For by the Druid taught, that death but ſhifts
The vital ſcene, they that prime fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on ſteel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-ſav'd life that muſt again return.
Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,
And ſtill more tyrant cuſtom, unſubdued,
Man knows no maſter ſave creating Heaven,
Or ſuch as choice and common good ordain.
This general ſenſe, with which the nations I
Promiſcous fire, in Britons burn'd intenſe,
Of future times prophetic. Witneſs, Rome,
Who ſaw'ſt thy Cæſar, from the naked land,
Whoſe only fort was Britiſh hearts, repel'd,
To ſeek Pharſalian wreaths. Witneſs, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootleſs to ſecure,
Beneath an empire's yoke, a ſtubborn iſle,
Diſputed hard, and never quite ſubdued.
The north remain'd untouch'd, where thoſe who ſcorn'd
To ſtoop, retir'd; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at laſt, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to ſuſtain the ſhock,
From ſea to ſea deſponding legions rais'd
The wall immenſe, and yet, on ſummer's eve,

While

While ſport his lambkins round, the ſhepherd's gaze,
Continual o'er it burſt the northern ſtorm,
As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarſe
A ſwift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd control, when, to ſupport
The laſt remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, and ſunk.
Great proof! how men enfeeble into ſlaves.
The ſword behind him flaſh'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not ſparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus to battle led
Silurian ſwains, and Boadicea taught
Her raging troops the miſeries of ſlaves.
Then (ſad relief!) from the bleak coaſt, that hears
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, ſtrong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect. For conqueſt and defence
Suffices the ſame arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a freſh invigorating ſtream;
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty ſpirit glow'd.
Raſh war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice; deriving thence
A right to feaſt, and drain immortal bowls
In Odin's hall; whoſe blazing roof reſounds
The genial uproar of thoſe ſhades, who fall
In deſperate fight, or by ſome brave attempt;

And though more poliſh'd times the martial creed
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly gifts of war their all.
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nurſing peace,
And matchleſs orders, the deep baſis ſtill
On which aſcends my Britiſh Reign. Untam'd
To the refining ſubtleties of ſlaves,
They brought an happy government along;
Form'd by that freedom, which, with ſecret voice,
Impartial nature teaches all her ſons,
And which of old through the whole Scythian maſs
I ſtrong inſpir'd. Monarchical their ſtate,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wiſe
Of each harmonious power: only, too much
Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.
In many a field, by civil fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſcordant heptarchy; and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons ſaw
Egbert and Peace on one united throne.
No ſooner dawn'd the fair diſcloſing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the north anew,
With ſtormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the ſevereſt e'er a people felt.
The Daniſh Raven, ſur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land inceſſant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miſerable coaſt. Before them ſtalk'd,

Far

Far ſeen, the demon of devouring flame;
Rapine, and murder, all with blood beſmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While cloſe behind them march'd the ſallow power
Of deſolating famine, who delights
In graſs-grown cities, and in deſert fields;
And purple-ſpotted peſtilence, by whom
Ev'n friendſhip ſcar'd, in ſickening horror ſinks
Each ſocial ſenſe and tenderneſs of life.
Fixing at laſt, the ſanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud-reſounding ſhore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with ſuperior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But ſuperſtition firſt, and monkiſh dreams,
And monk-directed cloyſter-ſeeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depreſs'd the ſoul
Of conquering freedom, which he once reſpir'd.
Thus cruel ages paſs'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds ſhe came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire ſunk,
Then ſet entire in Haſtings bloody field.
Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So fate ordain'd) in that deciſive day,
The haughty Norman ſeiz'd at once an iſle,
For which, through many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burſt;

And,

And, mix'd the genius of theſe people all,
Theſe virtues mix'd in one exalted ſtream,
Here the rich tide of Engliſh blood grew full.
Awhile my ſpirit ſlept; the land a'while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic rage.
Inſtead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and, in the ſecret ſhade,
Deep-ſtung, but fearful, Indignation gnaſh'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, deſpoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with caſtles cruſh'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The ſhivering wretches, at the curfew ſound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
Mus'd ſad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
A tyrant's idle ſport the peaſant ſtarv'd:
To the wild herd, the paſture of the tame,
The chearful hamlet, ſpiry town, was given,
And the brown foreſt roughen'd wide around.
But this ſo dead, ſo vile ſubmiſſion, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic ſway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,
Tyrants themſelves the common tyrant check'd.
The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd ſtate,
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, firſt taught their rapine law,
The barons next a nobler league began,

Both

hoſe of Engliſh and of Norman race,
fraternal nation blended now,
ation of the free! preſs'd by a band
riots, ardent as the ſummer's noon
ooks delighted on, the tyrant ſee!
! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
ong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
ives the Charter, by which life indeed
es of price, a glory to be man.
ough this and through ſucceeding reigns affirm'd
long conteſted rights, the wholeſome winds
poſition hence began to blow,
ften ſince have lent the country life.
their breath corruption's infect-blights,
arkening clouds of evil counſel, fly;
ould they ſounding ſwell, a putrid court,
ilential miniſtry, they purge,
entilated ſtates renew their bloom.
ugh with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
cratic ſway, the people ſtill,
'd by this or that, as intereſt lean'd,
ll perfection knew. For Me reſerv'd,
or my commons, was that glorious turn.
crown'd my firſt attempt, in ſenates roſe,
rt of freedom! flow till then, alone,
ork'd that general liberty, that ſoul,
a generous nature breathes, and which, when left
e to bondage was corrupted Rome,
gh the northern nations wide diffus'd.
many a people, fierce with freedom, ruſh'd

From

From the rude iron regions of the north,
To Libyan deſerts ſwarm protruding ſwarm,
And pour'd new ſpirit through a ſlaviſh world.
Yet, o'er theſe Gothic ſtates, the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engroſs'd
The mingled power. But on Britannia's ſhore
Now preſent, I to raiſe My reign began
By raiſing the democracy, the third
And broadeſt bulwark of the guarded ſtate.
Then was the full, the perfect plan diſcloſ'd
Of Britain's matchleſs conſtitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and ſupporting powers,
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free
Deſerving, while the vaſſal-many droop'd:
For ſince the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depreſs'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory caſt.
Mark from this period the continual proof.
When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning ſlaves;
Proudly regardleſs of their people's plaints,
And poorly paſſive of inſulting foes;
Double, not prudent, obſtinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, neceſſity their faith;
Inſtead of generous fire, preſumptuous, hot,
Raſh to reſolve, and ſlothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and ſlaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining ſhameful waſte;
By counſels weak and wicked, eaſy roua'd

try ſchemes of abſolute command,
k their ſplendor in their ſure diſgrace,
ı a broken ruin'd people wealth:
ſuch o'ereaſt the ſtate, no bond of love,
ırt, no ſoul, no unity, no nerve,
n'd the looſe disjointed public, loſt
ne abroad, to happineſs at home.
when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
gh the charm'd whole one all-exerting ſoul:
ı ſympathetic from his dark retreat,
wide-attracted merit round them glow'd:
counſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
the maze of ſtate, determin'd kept
ruling point in view: when, on the ſtock
blic good and glory grafted, ſpread
palms, their laurels; or, if thence they ſtray'd,
to return, and patient of reſtraint:
ı regal ſtate, pre-eminence of place,
ſcorn'd to deem pre-eminence of eaſe,
luxurious drones, that only rob
uſy hive: as in diſtinction, power,
ɜence, honour, and advantage, firſt;
they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
or rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
ıard the ſubject, and to quell the foe:
ſuch with Me their vital influence ſhed,
utter'd grievance, hopeleſs ſigh, was heard;
ul diſtruſt through wary ſenates ran,
ı'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd:
l, unqueſtion'd, liberal aid was given:

Safe

Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies ruſh'd;
And Creſſy, Poitiers, Agincourt, proclaim
What kings ſupported by almighty love,
And people fir'd with liberty, can do.

Be veil'd the ſavage reigns, when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
By private feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his gold
As how to fix his throne he jealous caſt
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the barons of exceſſive ſway,
At pleaſure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to cruſh theſe petty tyrants, plann'd
A law, that let them, by the ſilent waſte
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuſe,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By ſoft degrees a mighty change enſued,
Ev'n working to this day. With ſtreams, deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd floods, the country ſmil'd.
As when impetuous from the ſnow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal ſuns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with waſteful ſweep,
He foams along; but, through Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thouſand fields; and culture, trade,

To

meadows, gliding ſhips, and villas mix'd,
a wondrous landſkip riſes round.
urious ſon the ſoul-enſlaving chain,
many a doating venerable age
k by link ſtrong-twiſted round the land,
ff. No longer could be borne a power;
eaven pretended, to deceive, to void
lemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
the generous ſoul, to fool mankind;
ild at laſt, to plunge into a ſea
d, and horror. The returning light,
ſt through Wickliff ſtreak'd the prieſtly gloom,
rſt in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
om the haunts of ſuperſtition crawl'd
ly ſons, fantaſtic figures all;
ide-diſpers'd, their uſeleſs fetid wealth
ful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
, join'd to theſe, on every ſea diſplay'd
g canvaſs, pour'd with every tide
n flood. From other worlds were roll'd
lty glittering ſtores, whoſe fatal charms,
lain Indian happily deſpis'd,
k'd his woe; and to the bliſsful groves,
ature liv'd herſelf among her ſons,
ocence and joy for ever dwelt,
ge unknown to Pagan climes before,
ſt the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.
ch horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
t for want, with mutual aid, ſupply.
ommons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,

Againſt

Againſt the barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid theſe doubtful motions, ſteady, gave
The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye
That never cloſes on a guarded world,
So fought, ſo mark'd, ſo ſeiz'd the public good,
That ſelf-ſupported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inſpir'd by Me, beneath her ſheltering arm,
In ſpite of raging *univerſal ſway*,
And raging ſeas repreſs'd, the Belgic ſtates,
My bulwark on the continent, aroſe.
Matchleſs in all the ſpirit of her days!
With confidence, unbounded, fearleſs love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long threaten'd fleet,
And daſh'd the pride of Spain around their iſle.
Nor ceas'd the Britiſh thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its aweful call;
In fire and ſmoke Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe ev'n to the centre ſhook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and ſkulking ſtole
By veering winds their Indian treaſure home.
Meantime, peace, plenty, juſtice, ſcience, arts,
With ſofter laurels crown'd her happy reign.
As yet uncircumſcrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulph, where ſwallow'd oft
The helpleſs ſubject lay. This to reduce
To the juſt limit was My great effort.
By means, that evil ſeem to narrow man,

Super

eings work their myſtic will:
n and trouble thus a ſettled calm,
fulgent, o'er Britannia ſmil'd.
hering tempeſt, Heaven-commiſſion'd, came,
ıe prince, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
acific counſels rul'd the world;
:orn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
's treaties; while at home enflav'd,
worthleſs crew inſatiate drain'd,
ı people's confidence and love:
: loſs! whence crowns become
ıs burden. Years inglorious paſs'd:
nt Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd:
d Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
ig that to theſe internal broils,
our, he began; while lawleſs ſway
his ſlaviſh doctors, try'd to rear
ıyſic, on enchanted ground,
.e mazy quibbles of the ſchools:
ɔne, and ſometimes for the worſt,
d mankind in vengeance only made.
retence! not ſo the dire effect,
, the fooliſh diſcord thence deriv'd,
the country ſtill, by party-rage
terial clamour kept alive.
weak, and for the wordy war
faint this prince purſued his claim:
teach the ſubject-herd, how great,
d he! how deſpicable they!
unyielding ſon theſe doctrines drank,

With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
By reaſoning his fire); and what they taught
Warm, and tenacious, into practice puſh'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind reſtraint apply'd:
The more they ſtruggled to ſupport the laws,
His juſtice-dreading miniſters the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of falſe deſigning guilt, the fountain he
Of public wiſdom and of juſtice ſhut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing ſource,
Th' illegal impoſition follow'd harſh,
With execration given, or ruthleſs ſqueez'd
From an inſulted people, by a band
Of the worſt ruffians, thoſe of tyrant power.
Oppreſſion walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, ſpies,
Blood-hounds, that ſturdy freedom to the grove
Purſue; projectors of aggrieving ſchemes,
Commerce to load for unprotected ſeas,
To ſell the ſtarving many to the few,
And drain a thouſand ways th' exhauſted land.
Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace ſhould flow,
And goſpel truth, inhuman bigots ſhed
Their poiſon round; and on the venal bench,
Inſtead of juſtice, party held the ſcale,
And violence the ſword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at laſt their vengeance full.
Mid the low murmurs of ſubmiſſive fear

And

And mingled rage, My Hambden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment ſat, behov'd ſome other ear.
When inſtant from the keen reſentive north,
By long oppreſſion by religion rouz'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, though meant to furniſh hoſtile aid,
The more than Roman ſenate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, conſum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant burſting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated ſoul
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! ſuch dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majeſtic wiſdom, taught its courſe
What nuiſance to devour; ſuch wiſdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd ſincere
To clear the weedy ſtate, reſtore the laws,
And for the future to ſecure their ſway.
  This then the purpoſe of my mildeſt ſons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief, ſhould the breath of factious fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthuſiaſt ſwell'd)
Not eaſy cools again. From breaſt to breaſt,
From eye to eye, the kindling paſſions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wiſe and juſt,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the ſtorm.
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by confuſion's lawleſs ſons deſpoil'd,

King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground
Succeſſive, ruſh'd—Lo! from their aſhes roſe,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-State.
The grievous yoke of vaſſalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by thoſe flames diſſolv'd;
And, from the waſteful, the luxurious king,
Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger reſtor'd, the commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Deſpoil'd, on ſenates more dependent grew,
And they more frequent, more aſſur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour ſpread that bitter root,
The paſſive doctrines, by their patrons firſt
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themſelves.
This wild deluſive cant; the raſh cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, reſtleſs in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the conſtant need
Of finding faithleſs means, of ſhifting forms,
And flattering ſenates, to ſupply his waſte;
Theſe tore ſome moments from the careleſs prince,
And in his breaſt awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous ſoftneſs long he min'd his way;
By ſubtle arts, diſſimulation deep;
By ſharing what corruption ſhower'd, profuſe;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleaſing manners, fitted to deceive.
At laſt ſubſided the delirious joy,
On whoſe high billow, from the ſaintly reign

The

n drove too far. A penſion'd king,
is country brib'd by Gallic gold;
pernicious ſold, the Scylla ſince,
Charybdis of the Britiſh ſeas;
ittack'd abroad, with furer blow
off at home; the ſaviour-league
e broke; the progreſs ev'n advanc'd
ſal ſway, which to reduce
of blood and treaſure Britain coſt;
ons, by a generous people given,
ler'd vile, or to corrupt, diſgrace,
the land with forces not their own,
; the darling church herſelf betray'd;
broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
d my ſpirit, the reſiſting ſoul.
as, at firſt, and half aſham'd, the check
, ſhook from the fantaſtic dream
e ſubmiſſion, tenets vile!
ives would bluſh to own, and which, reduc'd
e, always honeſt nature ſhock.
he maſk remov'd, and the fierce front
y diſclos'd; nor trampled laws;
each badge of freedom through the land;
y bleeding for th' unpubliſh'd page;
e bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
lerous rage itſelf, in Jefferies' form;
ſs acts of arbitrary power,
d falſe, could raiſe the public arm.
, ſcatter'd, of combining chiefs
nd dreading blind rapacious war,

The patient publick turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rouz'd
The bigot king, and hurried fated on
His meaſures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herſelf, portentous ſcar'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding roſe, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
Yet ſilence reign'd. Each on another ſcowl'd
Rueful amazement, preſſing down his rage:
As, muſtering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awefully ſtill, waiting the high command
To ſpring. Strait from his country Europe ſav'd,
To ſave Britannia, lo! my darling ſon,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Naſſau came. I huſh'd the deep,
By demons rouz'd, and bade the liſted winds,
Still ſhifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing ſhore.
See! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
With ſwelling ſails, and all the pride of war,
Delightful view! when Juſtice draws the ſword:
And, mark! diffuſing ardent ſoul around,
And ſweet contempt of death, My ſtreaming flag.
Ev'n adverſe navies bleſs'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and ſilent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waſte of arms
His progreſs mark'd. The faint oppoſing hoſt
For once, in yielding, their beſt victory found,
And by deſertion prov'd exalted faith;

While

While his the bloodleſs conqueſt of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
Then dawn'd the period deſtin'd to confine
The ſurge of wild prerogative, to raiſe
A mound reſtraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the ſwallow'd ſtate
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Suſtaining weighty ſeas. This, often ſav'd
By more than human hand, the publick ſaw,
And ſeiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield
Deſtructive power, a wiſe heroic prince
Ev'n lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happineſs, Britannia's bounded Kings.
What though not their's the boaſt, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold freedom; or, to chearleſs wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to ſtrike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not juſtice, that delights
To dare the keeneſt eye of open day.
What though no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it! what though, tools of wanton power,
Peſtiferous armies ſwarm not at their call!
What though they give not a relentleſs crew
Of civil furies, proud oppreſſion's fangs!
To tear at pleaſure the dejected land,
With ſtarving labour pampering idle waſte.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs tear from lone affliction's eye;

To raiſe hid merit, ſet th' alluring light
Of virtue high to view; to nouriſh arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd ſtate,
Make a whole glorious people ſing for joy,
Bleſs human kind, and through the downward depth
Of future times to ſpread that better ſun
Which lights up Britiſh ſoul: for deeds like theſe,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (ſtill ſuperior bliſs!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of deſpotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundleſs good, without the power of ill.
And now behold! exalted as the cope
That ſwells immenſe o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, My Fabrick ſtands complete,
The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceaſing crowds,
With kings themſelves the hearty peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Reſponſive place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods, deſcend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempeſt, nor corroſive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame diſſolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the duſt.

NOTES on PART IV.

Ver. 49. Church power, or eccleſiaſtical tyranny.

Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 86. Cruſades.

Ver. 91. The corruptions of the church of Rome.

Ver. 94. Vaſſalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

Ver. 96. Duelling.

Ver. 123. The hierarchy.

Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farneſe.

Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.

Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.

Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.

Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.

Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two ſons, deſtroyed by two ſerpents.

Ver. 186. See Æneid ii. ver. 199—227.

Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the moſt celebrated maſter of modern ſculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inſpiration, or enthuſiaſtical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

Ver. 213, 214. Eſteemed the two fineſt pieces of modern ſculpture.

Ver. 244. The ſchool of the Caracci.

Ver. 266. The river Arno runs through Florence.

Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Piſa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably ſubject to the Great Duke

Duke of Tuſcany, except it be Lucca, which ſtill maintains the form of a republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoeſe territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the moſt part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's ſyſtem of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the moſt flouriſhing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the paſſage to the Eaſt Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America were diſcovered.

Ver. 294. Thoſe who fled to ſome marſhes in the Adriatic gulph, from the deſolation ſpread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, firſt founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiſs Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, ſituated on the Lacus Lemanus, a ſmall ſtate, but noble example of the bleſſings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiſs, after having been long abſent from their native country, are ſeized with ſuch a violent deſire of ſeeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languiſhing indiſpoſition, called the Swiſs ſickneſs.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verſe 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ, or Gauls.

Ver.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not ſubmit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 652. The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite croſs the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miſerably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for aſſiſtance, thus expreſſed their miſerable condition.—"We know not which way to turn us. "The barbarians drive us to ſea, and the ſea forces us "back to the barbarians; between which we have only "the choice of two deaths, either to be ſwallowed up "by the waves, or butchered by the ſword."

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the beſt general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were eſteemed the braveſt and moſt powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordſhire, Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Monmouthſhire, and Glamorganſhire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her ſtory is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and

and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by ſickneſs or by age, went into vaſt caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noiſome creatures uſual to ſuch places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs ſtench and miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conqueſt of their neighbours and the ſlaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or reſolutions, went immediately to the vaſt hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open houſe for all ſuch gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feaſts and mirth, carouſing in bowls made of the ſkulls of their enemies they had ſlain; according to the number of whom, every one in theſe manſions of pleaſure was the moſt honoured and beſt entertained.

Sir William Temple's Eſſay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The ſeven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, conſidered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an aſſembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Weſſex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the firſt king of England,

Ver. 709. A famous Daniſh ſtandard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this ſtandard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no leſs famous in peace for his many excellent inſtitutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Haſtings, in which Harold II. the laſt of the Saxon kings, was ſlain, and William the Conqueror made himſelf maſter of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confeſſor, who reduced the Weſt-Saxon, Mercian, and Daniſh laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the Laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the Engliſh to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a ſevere fine.

Ver. 762. The New Foreſt in Hampſhire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compaſs was laid waſte.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemede, ſigned the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the firſt confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's intereſt againſt the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been firſt repreſented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to ſend four knights, as repreſentatives of their reſpective ſhires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each coun-

tw

ty was ordered to ſend, as their repreſentatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgeſſes. Till then, hiſtory makes no mention of them; whence a very ſtrong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the houſe of commons to that æra.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the Engliſh over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaſter.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the cloſe of the fourteenth century, publiſhed doctrines very contrary to thoſe of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppreſſion of monaſteries.

Ver. 912. The Spaniſh Weſt-Indies.

Ver. 931. The dominion of the houſe of Auſtria.

Ver. 937. The Spaniſh Armada. Rapin ſays, that after proper meaſures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I.

Ver.

Ver. 966. Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging High Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the restoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of Wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

mer. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England,

that were behind. Here the Prince cal
war.—It is not eaſy to imagine what
the fleet made. Five or ſix hundred ſh
a channel, and both the Engliſh and F
vered with numberleſs ſpectators, are n
For my part, who was then on board th
ſtruck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The Prince placed him
body, carrying a flag with Engliſh co
Highneſſes' arms ſurrounded with this
teſtant Religion and the Liberties of E
derneath the motto of the houſe of Na
tiendrai, I will maintain. RAPIN.

Ver. 1127. The Engliſh fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the Bill of Rights,
Succeſſion.

Ver. 1144. William III.

THE

PROSPECT:

Being the FIFTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART V.

The Author addreſſes the Goddeſs of Liberty, marking the happineſs and grandeur of Great Britain, as ariſing from her influence; to ver. 88. She reſumes her diſcourſe, and points out the chief virtues which are neceſſary to maintain her eſtabliſhment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its laſt ornament and finiſhing, ſciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of theſe urged from the example of France, though under a deſpotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a proſpect of future times, given by the Goddeſs of Liberty: this deſcribed by the Author, as it paſſes in viſion before him.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

HERE interpoſing, as the Goddeſs paus'd;—
" Oh, bleſt Britannia! in thy preſence bleſt,
" Thou guardian of mankind! whence ſpring, alone,
" All human grandeur, happineſs, and fame:
" For toil, by Thee protected, feels no pain;
" The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
" And, gilded with thy rays, ev'n death looks gay.
" Let other lands the potent bleſſings boaſt
" Of more exalting ſuns. Let Aſia's woods,
" Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
" And let the little inſect-artiſt form,
" On higher life intent, its ſilken tomb.
" Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, diſcloſe,
" The various-tinctur'd children of the ſun.
" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
" A flavour drink, that in one piercing taſte
" Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burſt
" With floods of joy; with mild balſamic juice
" The Tuſcan olive. Let Arabia breathe
" Her ſpicy gales, her vital gums diſtil.
" Turbid with gold let ſouthern rivers flow;
" And orient floods draw ſoft, o'er pearls, their maze.

" Let Afric vaunt her treaſures; let Peru
" Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed
" The yellow traitor that her bliſs betray'd,—
" Unequal'd bliſs!—and to unequal'd rage!
" Yet nor the gorgeous eaſt, nor golden ſouth,
" Nor, in full prime, that new-diſcover'd world,
" Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praiſe
" Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddeſs, ſhe
" Derives her praiſe from Thee, her matchleſs charms
" Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own;
" And, warm with culture, her thick-cluſtering field
" Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
" Her meads; her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring.
" She gives the hunter-horſe, unquell'd by toil,
" Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid chace:
" She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive, pours
" Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe,
" That wraps the nations: ſhe, to luſty droves,
" The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and, her's, deep-wave
" Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
" Theſe her delights: and by no baneful herb,
" No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
" No fierce-deſcending wolf, no ſerpent roll'd
" In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land,
" Diſturb'd. Enlivening theſe, add cities, full
" Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crowds:
" Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
" Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale,
" Where bold unrival'd peaſants happy dwell:
" Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks

" Emboſom'

" Emboſom'd high, while kindred floods below
" Wind through the mead; and thoſe of modern hand,
" More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar.
" Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
" Where ſwarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
" On whoſe each tide, glad with returning ſails,
" Flows in the mingled harveſt of mankind?
" And thee, thou Severn, whoſe prodigious ſwell,
" And waves, reſounding, imitate the main?
" Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
" That point around the world? and why her ſeas?
" All ocean is her own, and every land
" To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
" She too the mineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
" The warlike iron, nor the peaceful leſs,
" Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
" And that the Tyrian merchant ſought of old,
" Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
" She rears to freedom an undaunted race:
" Compatriot zealous, hoſpitable, kind,
" Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
" To hardſhip tam'd, active in arts and arms,
" Fir'd with a reſtleſs, an impatient flame,
" That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls:
" And Engliſh merit her's; where meet, combin'd,
" Whate'er high fancy, ſound judicious thought,
" An ample generous heart, undrooping ſoul,
" And firm tenacious valour can beſtow.
" Great nurſe of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, She!
" Great nurſe of men! By Thee, O Goddeſs, taught,

" Her old renown I trace, diſcloſe her ſource
" Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons ſing
" A ſtrain the Muſes never touch'd before."
" But how ſhall this thy mighty kingdom ſtand?
" On what unyielding baſe? how finiſh'd ſhine?"
At this Her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and Her aweful voice,
Majeſtic thus ſhe rais'd—" To Britons bear
" This cloſing ſtrain, and with intenſer note
" Loud let it ſound in their awaken'd ear."
On Virtue can alone My kingdom ſtand,
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd.
For, loſt this ſocial cement of mankind,
The greateſt empires, by ſcarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder ſoft away; till, tottering looſe,
They prone at laſt to total ruin ruſh.
Unbleſt by Virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
To tame the ſtooping ſoul, a trick of ſtate
To maſk their rapine, and to ſhare the prey.
What are without It Senates, ſave a face
Of conſultation deep and reaſon free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are ſold?
What boaſted freedom, ſave a ſounding name?
And what election, but a market vile
Of ſlaves ſelf-barter'd? Virtue! without Thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in ſtates;
War has no vigour, and no ſafety peace:
Ev'n juſtice warps to party, laws oppreſs,

Wide

Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
Firſt broke the balance, and then ſcorn'd the ſword.
Thus nations ſink, ſociety diſſolves;
Rapine and guile and violence break looſe,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hiſſing ſands to him are tame.
By thoſe Three Virtues be the frame ſuſtain'd
Of Britiſh Freedom: Independent life;
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
Supreme, A Paſſion for the Common-weal.
Hail! Independance, hail! Heaven's next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou ſecret ſource!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only Free-man, walks his pleaſing round:
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearleſs Truth;
Firm Reſolution; Goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever-new.
Theſe chear his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,

When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Meantime true judging moderate deſires,
Oeconomy and taſte, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom fortune heaps, without theſe virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within;
That Independance, active, or retir'd,
Which make the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below:
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched train,
Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, ſlaves.
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a groſs expence,
They purchaſe diſappointment, pain, and ſhame.
Inſtead of hearty hoſpitable chear,
See! how the hall with brutal riot flows;
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, ſteep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark! thoſe diſgraceful piles of wood and ſtone;
Thoſe parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
And nature by preſumptuous art oppreſs'd,
The woodland genius mourns. See! the full board
That ſteams diſguſt, and bowls that give no joy:
No truth invited there, to feed the mind;
Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reaſon quaffs.
Hark! how the dome with inſolence reſounds,
With thoſe retain'd by vanity to ſcare
Repoſe and friends. To tyrant faſhion mark

The coſtly worſhip paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From ſtill deluſive day to day,
And an eternal round of lying hope,
See! ſelf-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Daſh'd o'er the town, a miſerable wreck!
Then to adore ſome warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buz
Of maſquerade unbluſhing; or, to ſhow
Their ſcorn of nature, at the tragic ſcene
They mirthful ſit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and ev'n the fair,
The tender fair, each ſweetneſs laid aſide,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In ſome ſack'd city. Thus diſſolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury diſſolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needleſs want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:
With fair but faithleſs ſmiles each varniſh'd o'er,
Each ſmooth as thoſe that mutually deceive,
And for their falſehood each deſpiſing each;
Till ſhook their patron by the wintery winds,
Wide flies the wither'd ſhower, and leaves him bare.
O, far ſuperior Afric's ſable ſons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to theſe willing ſlaves!
And, rich, as unſqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his virtue boaſt alone!
Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption ſly
Twine round your heart indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds

By

By Cæſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæſars roſe. Determin'd, hold
Your Independance; for, that once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the ſpreading eye.
Forbid it Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in Office on My ſons!
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—The gracious, the confiding hand,
That laviſhly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whoſe cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they ſee,
And every friend; nay, in effect, themſelves.
As in familiar life, the villain's fate
Admits no cure; ſo, when a deſperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant ſpurn, and hopeleſs ſoar away.
But, ah, too little known to modern times!
Be not the nobleſt paſſion paſt unſung;
That ray peculiar from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic ſoul;
Devotion to the Public. Glorious flame!
Celeſtial ardor! in what unknown worlds,
Profuſely ſcatter'd through the blue immenſe,
Haſt thou been bleſſing myriads, ſince in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, ſo many deathleſs names
From Thee their luſtre drew? ſince, taught by Th
Their poverty put ſplendor to the bluſh,
Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight?

O,

u ne'er, in thy long period, look,
direct, on this My laſt retreat?
enough, from ſelf right underſtood
that thy rays inflame the heart:
irtue not diſdains appeals to ſelf,
the trial; all her joys are true,
e any real joy ſave her's.
tepid, the declaiming race,
ruption, to its wages friends,
ıom private paſſions, for a while,
y ſtandard liſt, can they ſuffice
d fix the glory of My Reign?
e flood of univerſal love
the breaſt. Firſt, in effuſion wide,
ı ſpirit roves creation round,
every being: ſtronger then
life, whate'er the kindred ſearch
ys: then, more collected ſtill,
man-kind: a paſſion grown,
e central parent-public calls
effort forth, awakes each ſenſe,
y, grand, and tender. Without this,
ıl pant, ſhook from ſublimer powers
: of ſelf, this Heaven-infus'd delight,
l gravitation, ruſhing prone
ıe public good, My ſyſtem ſoon,
to ſeveral ſelfiſh centers drawn,
o ruin: while for ever ſhut
ɔright portals of deſponding fame.
:did ſelf ſhoot up no ſhining deeds,

None

None of thoſe ancient lights, that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouſe the brave
To juſt ambition, Virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-buſtling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader ſcorns
The poor hiſtoric page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's ſhame.
Not ſo the times, when, emulation-ſtung,
Greece ſhone in genius, ſcience, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Thoſe, raptur'd, copy; theſe, aſtoniſh'd, read.
True, a corrupted ſtate, with every vice
And every meanneſs foul, this paſſion damps.
Who can, unſhock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling ſmile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentleſs ſelf,
Equally vile if miſer or profuſe?
Powers not of God, aſſiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at diſtance from redreſs?
Delirious faction bellowing loud My name?
The falſe fair-ſeeming patriot's hollow boaſt?
A race reſolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My ſacred rights a merchandize alone
Eſteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?

Who

.eſe indeed can undeteſting ſee?—
o unpitying? To the generous eye
is virtue; and, though ſelf-betray'd,
le ſtruggling with their fate muſt rouze
ro's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
to virtue quite. How glorious then!
ury for gods! to ſave the good,
the feeble, daſh bold vice aſide,
the wicked, and reſtore the frail.
y, beſides, the young are pure,
ns may tinge their father's cheek with ſhame.
ld then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
ritons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
s, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
corruption's ſoul-dejecting arts,
ipudent! and groſs! by their own gold,
beſtow'd, to bribe them to give all.
arty raging, or immers'd in ſloth,
they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
-conquering Gaul; ev'n from her brow
own naval oak be baſely torn,
ı as tremble at the ſtiffening gale,
rveleſs ſink while others ſing rejoic'd.
rker proſpect! ſcarce one gleam behind
ng) ſhould the broad corruptive plague
from the city to the fartheſt hut,
ts ſerene within the foreſt-ſhade;
ver'd people fire, inflame their wants,
eir luxurious thirſt, ſo gathering rage,
were a buyer found, they ſtand prepar'd

To

To ſell their birthright for a cooling draught.
Should ſhameleſs pens for plain corruption plead;
The hir'd aſſaſſins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public virtue grow the public ſcoff,
Till private, failing, ſtaggers through the land:
Till round the city looſe mechanic want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury ſleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound:
Nay, till to loweſt deeds the higheſt ſtoop;
The rich, like ſtarving wretches, thirſt for gold;
And thoſe, on whom the vernal ſhowers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot beſtow,
A power to live to nature and themſelves,
In ſick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune, joyleſs, and with honours, mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profuſion flows around,
The waſte of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulph abſorpt
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
Of rouz'd corruption ſtill demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful ſkill
Employ'd) might make the ſmiling publick rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, ſerves but to nurſe
A locuſt-band within, and in the bud
Leaves ſtarv'd each work of dignity and uſe.
I paint the worſt. But ſhould theſe times arrive,

If

If any nobler paſſion yet remain,
Let all My ſons all parties fling aſide,
Deſpiſe their nonſenſe, and together join;
Let worth and virtue ſcorning low deſpair,
Exerted full, from every quarter ſhine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flaſh'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intenſe
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the ſtars effulge; fainter, at firſt,
They, ſtraggling, riſe; but when the radiant hoſt,
In thick profuſion pour'd, ſhine out immenſe,
Each caſting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
But why to Britons this ſuperfluous ſtrain?—
Good-nature, honeſt truth ev'n ſomewhat blunt,
Of crooked baſeneſs and indignant ſcorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cauſe,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a bleſt retirement ſtill they dwell.
To ſofter proſpect turn we now the view,
To laurel'd Science, Arts, and Public Works,
That lend My finiſh'd Fabric comely pride,
Grandeur, and grace. Of ſullen genius he!
Curs'd by the Muſes! by the Graces loath'd!
Who deems beneath the publick's high regard
Theſe laſt enlivening touches of My reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous riſe,

Let

Let eaſt and ſouth their mingled treaſure pour,
Till, ſwell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burſt o'er the city, and devour the land:
Yet theſe neglected, theſe recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuiſance; and, oblivious ſunk,
That nation muſt another Carthage lie.
If not by them, on monumental braſs,
On ſculptur'd marble, on the deathleſs page,
Impreſt, renown had left no trace behind:
In vain, to future times, the ſage had thought,
The legiſlator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' awarders they of fame's immortal wreath,
They rouze ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuſe,
Delight the general eye, and, dreſt by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
Science, My cloſe aſſociate, ſtill attends
Wheree'er I go. Sometimes, in ſimple guiſe,
She walks the furrow with the conſul ſwain,
Whiſpering unletter'd wiſdom to the heart,
Direct; or, ſometimes, in the pompous robe
Of fancy dreſt, ſhe charms Athenian wits,
And a whole ſapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
With Xenophon, ſometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate ſoul, and makes retreat
Unequal'd glory: with the Theban ſage,
Epamin nas, firſt and beſt of men!
Sometimes ſhe bids the deep-embattled hoſt,

Above

Above the vulgar reach, reſiſtleſs form'd,
March to ſure conqueſt—never gain'd before!
Nor on the treacherous ſeas of giddy ſtate
Unſkilful ſhe: when the triumphant tide
Of high-ſwoln empire wears one boundleſs ſmile,
And the gale tempts to new purſuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, ſhe collects her ſail,
And ſeeks the bliſsful ſhore of rural eaſe,
Where, but th' Aonian maids, no ſyrens ſing;
Or ſhould the deep-brew'd tempeſt muttering riſe,
While rocks and ſhoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully ſhe her wide-reviving light
To ſenates holds, a Catiline confounds.
And ſaves awhile from Cæſar ſinking Rome.
Such the kind power, whoſe piercing eye diſſolves
Each mental fetter, and ſets reaſon free;
For Me inſpiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy freemen, and how wretched ſlaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The Goddeſs ſpreads her ſtores, the ſecret ſoul
That quickens trade, the breath unſeen that wafts
To them the treaſures of a balanc'd world.
But finer arts (ſave what the Muſe has ſung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head; and Public Works,
Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, diſgrace; not ſerve, deſtroy.
Shall Britons, by their own joint wiſdom rul'd
Beneath one royal head, whoſe vital power

Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts, and public works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depreſt, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, ſhould th' unkingly thirſt of gold,
Or tyrant paſſions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locuſt-armies o'er the blaſted land:
Drains from its thirſty bounds the ſprings of wea
His own inſatiate reſervoir to fill:
To the lone deſart patriot-merit frowns,
Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
Indignant, burſting, for their nobler works
All other licence ſcorn but Truth's and Mine.
Oh, ſhame to think! ſhall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd ſtill, the better laurel loſe?
Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dream
By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To graſp unbounded ſway; while, ſwarming re
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hoſtile hands while treaſure flow'd profuſe,
And, that great ſource of treaſure, ſubjects' blo
Inhuman ſquander'd, ſicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while My ſuperior ſons,
In vengeance ruſhing, daſh'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low:
Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What public works at home, what arts aroſe!
What various ſcience ſhone! what genius glow'
'Tis not for me to paint, diffuſive ſhot
O'er fair extents of land, the ſhining road;

The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,
Through mountains piercing, and uniting ſeas;
The dome reſounding ſweet with infant joy,
From famine ſav'd, or cruel-handed ſhame,
And that where valour counts his noble ſcars;
The land where ſocial pleaſure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed;
The robber from his fartheſt foreſt chac'd;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into ſure peace the beſt police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd Arts,
And Science, by deſpotic bounty bleſs'd,
At diſtance flouriſh'd from My parent-eye,
Reſtoring ancient taſte, how Boileau roſe.
How the big Roman ſoul ſhook, in Corneille,
The trembling ſtage. In elegant Racine;
How the more powerful, though more humble voice
Of nature-painting Greece, reſiſtleſs, breath'd
The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's ſcene,
Chaſtis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not ſcatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itſelf. To public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm ſeminaries ſpread;
And, more for glory than the ſmall reward,
How emulation ſtrove. How their pure tongue
Almoſt obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long,
With Pouſſin came; ancient Deſign, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another ſoul.

How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
The fam'd and only picture, eaſy, gives,
Refin'd her touch, and, through the ſhadow'd piece,
All the live ſpirit of the painter pour'd.
Coyeſt of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon ariſe.
How laviſh grandeur blaz'd; the barren waſte,
Aſtoniſh'd, ſaw the ſudden palace ſwell,
And fountains ſpout amid it's arid ſhades.
For leagues, bright viſtas opening to the view,
How foreſts in majeſtic gardens ſmil'd.
How menial arts, by their gay ſiſters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the ſilky lawn,
The palace chear'd, illum'd the ſtory'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.
  Theſe laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profuſion, it's diſhonour ſhade,
And, green through future times, ſhall bind thy brow;
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion loſt.
With what prevailing vigour had they ſhot,
And ſtole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-ſunk millions fed? Superior ſtill,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the ſkies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of freedom ſwell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
A falſe uncertain ſpring, when bounty gives,
Weak without me, a tranſitory gleam.
Fair ſhine the ſlippery days, enticing ſkies

Of

Of favour ſmile, and courtly breezes blow;
Till arts, betray'd, truſt to the flattering air
Their tender bloſſom: then malignant riſe
The blights of envy, of thoſe inſect-clouds,
That, blaſting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, ſhould, perchance, ſome kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his Prince's ſoul,
His wavering ardor fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuſe his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at laſt, and wintery tyrants come,
Each ſprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with Me Imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal ſpring:
While mingled autumn every harveſt pours
Of every land; whate'er invention, art,
Creating toil and nature can produce.
Here ceas'd the Goddeſs; and Her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for ſudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burſt my prayer.
"Oh, forming light of life! O, better ſun!
"Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,
"Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian ſkies,
"That, unſtain'd æther all, diffuſive ſmile:
"*When ſhall we call theſe ancient laurels ours?*
"*And when Thy work complete?*" Straight with her hand,
Celeſtial red, ſhe touch'd my darken'd eyes.
As at the touch of day the ſhades diſſolve,
So quick, methought, the miſty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below:

" And, the lewd nurſe of villains, idle waſte; [bowl,
" Lo! raz'd their haunts, down daſh'd their maddening
" A nation's poiſon! beauteous order reigns!
" Manly ſubmiſſion, unimpoſing toil,
" Trade without guile, civility that marks
" From the foul herd of brutal ſlaves thy ſons,
" And fearleſs peace. Or ſhould affronting war
" To flow but dreadful vengeance rouze the juſt,
" Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
" That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
" Their own bleſt iſle againſt a leaguing world.
" Deſpairing Gaul her boiling youth reſtrains,
" Diſſolv'd her dream of univerſal ſway:
" The winds and ſeas are Britain's wide domain;
" And not a ſail, but by permiſſion, ſpreads.
" Lo! ſwarming ſouthward on rejoicing ſuns,
" Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
" Of undeſerv'd diſtreſs, the better home
" Of thoſe whom bigots chace from foreign lands.
" Not built on rapine, ſervitude, and woe,
" And in their turn ſome petty tyrant's prey;
" But, bound by ſocial freedom, firm they riſe;
" Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
" And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah ſees.
" Horrid with want and miſery, no more
" Our ſtreets the tender paſſenger afflict.
" Nor ſhivering age, nor ſickneſs without friend,
" Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
" Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
" Its guiltleſs pangs, I ſee! The ſtores, profuſe,

" Which

:h Britiſh Bounty has to theſe aſſign'd,
ıore the ſacrilegious riot ſwell
ınnibal devourers! Right apply'd,
arving wretch the land of freedom ſtains:
or, employment finds; if old, demands,
k, if maim'd, his miſerable due;
will, if young, repay the fondeſt care.
t ſets the ſun of ſtormy life, and ſweet
morning ſhines, in mercy's dews array'd.
how they riſe! theſe families of Heaven!
! chief, (but why—ye bigots!—why ſo late?)
re blooms and warbles glad a riſing age:
:t ſmiles of praiſe! and, while their ſong aſcends,
liſtening ſeraph lays his lute aſide.
ark! the gay Muſes raiſe a nobler ſtrain,
ı active nature, warm impaſſion'd truth,
ıging fable, lucid order, notes
arious ſtring, and heart-felt image fill'd.
ld! I ſee the dread delightful ſchool
:mper'd paſſions, and of poliſh'd life,
or'd: behold! the well-diſſembled ſcene
from embelliſh'd eyes the lovely tear,
ghts up mirth in modeſt cheeks again.
vaniſh'd monſter-land. Lo! driven away
ſe that Apollo's ſacred walls profane:
r wild creation ſcatter'd, where a world
nown to nature, chaos more confus'd,
the brute ſcene its ouran-outangs pours;
ſted forms! that, on the mind impreſt,
ıpt, confound, and barbarize an age.

" Behold!

" Behold! all thine again the Sifter-Arts,
" Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
" Nurs'd by the treaſure from a nation drain'd
" Their works to purchaſe, they to nobler rouze
" Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
" Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
" The gaudy tools, and priſoners, no more.
" Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confeſs:
" For kings and ſenates fit, the palace ſee!
" The temple breathing a religious awe;
" Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
" The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
" Taſte, never idly working, ſaves expence.
" See! Sylvan ſcenes, where art, alone, pretends
" To dreſs her miſtreſs, and diſcloſe her charms:
" Such as a Pope in miniature has ſhown;
" A Bathurſt o'er the widening foreſt ſpreads;
" And ſuch as form a Richmond, Chiſwick, Stowe.
" Auguſt, around, what public works I ſee!
" Lo! ſtately ſtreets, lo! ſquares that court the breeze,
" In ſpite of thoſe to whom pertains the care,
" Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways,
" Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
" Connecting ſea to ſea, the ſolid road.
" Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's ſtand)
" With eaſy ſweep beſtrides the chafing flood.
" See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
" Each part with each, and with the circling main
" The whole enliven'd iſle. Lo! ports expand,
" Free as the winds and waves, their ſheltering arms.
" Lo!

ſtreaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
:very pointed coaſt the light-houſe towers;
, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
k! how the baffled ſtorm indignant roars."
hick to view theſe varied wonders roſe,
all my ſoul with tranſport, unaſſur'd,
iſion broke; and, on my waking eye,
l the ſtill ruins of dejected Rome.

NOTES

NOTES on PART V.

Ver. 69. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Moleſworth in his account of Denmark ſays,—It is obſerved, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the ſeat of the government is advantageous to the ſubjects; whilſt the diſtant provinces are leſs thriving, and more liable to oppreſſion.

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the Ten Thouſand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incurſion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now ſix hundred years ſince the Dorians had poſſeſſed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been ſeen within their territories. Plutarch in Ageſilaus.

Ver. 458. Lewis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475 & 477. The hoſpitals for foundlings and invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapeſtry of the Gobelins.

Ver. 663. An hoſpital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, moſt reſembles man.—See Dr. Tyſon's treatiſe on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirenceſter.

A POEM,

A POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great ſoul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his ſtars; and every Muſe,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
Of honours due to his illuſtrious name?
But what can man? Ev'n now the ſons of light,
In ſtrains high-warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
And ſung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aſpire,
In nature's general ſymphony to join.
And what new wonders can you ſhow your gueſt!
Who, while on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil
Clouded in duſt, from motion's ſimple laws,
Could trace the ſecret hand of Providence,
Wide-working through this univerſal frame.
Have ye not liſten'd while he bound the ſuns,
And planets, to their ſpheres! th' unequal taſk
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft diſgrac'd
The pride of ſchools, before their courſe was known
Full in its cauſes and effects to him,
All-piercing ſage! Who ſat not down and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din

Of

Of ſpecious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-ſearching, ſaw at laſt the ſyſtem dawn,
And ſhine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how ſtron
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminiſh'd, but the pride of boys
In ſome ſmall fray victorious! when inſtead
Of ſhatter'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
By violence unmanly, and ſore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herſelf
Stood all ſubdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our ſolar round
Firſt gazing through, he by the blended power
Of *gravitation* and *projection* ſaw
The whole in ſilent harmony revolve.
From unaſſiſted viſion hid, the moons
To chear remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
He alſo fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,
In a ſoft deluge overflows the ſky.
Her every motion clear-diſcerning, he
Adjuſted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty maſs of water ſwells
Reſiſtleſs, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning: till again

revertive, unattracted, leaves
waſte of idle ſands behind.
breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
the blue infinite; and every ſtar,
ne clear concave of a winter's night
the eye, or aſtronomic tube,
ching, ſnatches from the dark abyſs;
is farther in ſucceſſive ſkies
ſhine alone, at his approach
to ſuns, the living centre each
rmonious ſyſtem: all combin'd,
d unerring by that ſingle power,
raws the ſtone projected to the ground.
profuſe magnificence divine!
m truly perfect! thus to call
ew cauſes ſuch a ſcheme of things,
various, beautiful, and great,
rſe compleat! And, O belov'd
en! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye,
tic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcann'd
g, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.
rſt of men, with aweful wing purſued
et through the long elliptic curve,
l innumerous worlds he wound his way;
the forehead of our evening ſky
l, the blazing wonder glares anew,
the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
eavens are all his own; from the wild rule
ing *vortices*, and circling *ſpheres*,
firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.

The

Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh, ſpeak the wondrous man! how mild, how cal
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection: far above
Thoſe little cares, and viſionary joys,
That to perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man.

And you, ye hopeleſs gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul
Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?

But, hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome aweful change is come,
Sound through the world—*'Tis done—The meaſure's*
And I reſign my charge.—Ye mouldering ſtones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhip name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt

While Newton lifts his column to the ſkies,
Beyond the waſte of time. Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac ſong. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their author with his glad compeers.
O, Britain's boaſt! whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,
Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light *himſelf*; oh, look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preſide,
And be her Genius call'd! her ſtudies raiſe,
Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth.
For, though deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar:
While, in expectance of the ſecond life,
When time ſhall be no more, thy ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

A POEM

To the Memory of the Right Hon. Lord TALBOT, Lord Chancellor of Great-Britain. Addreſſed to his SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father loſt; permit the Muſe,
The Muſe aſſign'd of old a double theme,
To praiſe dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whoſe generous taſk begins where intereſt ends,
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verſe ſincere, by truth inſpir'd,
Which means not to beſtow, but borrow fame.
Yes, ſhe may ſing his matchleſs virtues now—
Unhappy that ſhe may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond ſingle out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thouſand hues,
Effuſe one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of theſe narrow days
No more preſume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united ſaw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd ſoul,
The graceful eaſe, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wiſdom, that all-quickening ſun,
Whence every life, in juſt proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams

Awaken'd

ı'd mortal clay. Hence ſteady, calm,
e, deep, and clear, his reaſon ſaw,
ſtantaneous view, the truth of things;
hat to human life and human bliſs
, that nobleſt ſcience, fit for man:
ıce, reſponſive to his knowledge, glow'd
ːnt virtue. Ignorance and vice,
ɔrt foul agree; each heightening each;
irtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
: grand, what comely, or what tender ſenſe,
ılent, or what virtue, was not his;
ıat can render man or great, or good,
ːful worth, or amiable grace?
ld he brook in ſtudious ſhade to lie,
'etirement, indolently pleas'd
lfiſh peace. The ſyren of the wiſe,
teals th' Aonian ſong, and, in the ſhape
e, wooes them from a worthleſs world)
deep he felt her charms, could never melt
ıuous ſpirit, recollected, calm,
t night, yet active as the day.
re the bold, the buſtling, and the bad,
uſurp the reins of power, the more
it virtue, with indignant zeal,
k their combination. Shall low views
ːing intereſt or luxurious vice,
ain's paſſions, quicken more to toil,
't a livelier vigour through the ſoul,
oſe that, mingled with our trueſt good,
ːſent honour and immortal fame,

Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the ſhade
Lamenting lies, with future ſchemes amus'd,
While wickedneſs and folly, *kindred powers*,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that diſdain'd
To loſe in deathlike ſloth one pulſe of life,
That might be ſav'd; diſdain'd for coward eaſe,
And her inſipid pleaſures, to reſign
The prize of glory, the keen ſweets of toil,
And thoſe high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the ſpring
Leads in her ſwelling train the gentle airs:
While gay, behind her, ſmiles the kindling waſte
Of ruffian ſtorms and winter's lawleſs rage.
In him Aſtrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bleſs them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happineſs and juſtice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, ſought the good
Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model ſtates:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful ſleep could hold
His ſtill-awaken'd ſoul; nor friends had charms
To ſteal, with pleaſing guile, one uſeful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.

Thus

th unwearied ſteps, by virtue led,
d the ſummit of that ſacred hill,
rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds,
leſs temple lifts its radiant front.
d, victorious ravagers, no more!
ye human comets! ſhrink your blaze!
your glory to your terrors owe,
· the gazing deſolated earth,
:ter famine, peſtilence, and war;
before this vernal ſun of fame;
ıt ſweetneſs! beaming life and joy.
:he heart liſten'd while he, pleading, ſpoke!
ın th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
:le reaſon ſo perſuaſive ſtole,
: charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
ıen, ye ſtudious of the laws, again
:h enchanting leſſons bleſs your ear?
hall again the darkeſt truths, perplext,
ı ample day? when ſhall the harſh
uous open into ſmiling eaſe?
d mix with elegant delight?
the talent with the pureſt light
to pour conviction on the ſoul,
rm with lawful flame th' impaſſion'd heart.
ngerous gift with him was ſafely lodg'd
'en—He, ſacred to his country's cauſe,
pled want and worth, to ſuffering right,
one widow's and her orphan's woes,
| the mighty charm. With equal brow,
; then the ſmiles or frowns of power,

He all that nobleſt eloquence effus'd,
With generous paſſion, taught by reaſon, breathes:
Then ſpoke the man; and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.
Plac'd on the ſeat of juſtice, there he reign'd,
In a ſuperior ſphere of cloudleſs day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat
No paſſion e'er diſturb'd the clear ſerene
That round him ſpread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of juſtice, like the ſteady ſun,
Its equal ardour lent; and ſometimes rais'd
Againſt the ſons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet ſtill by ſober dignity reſtrain'd.
As intuition quick, he ſnatch'd the truth,
Yet with progreſſive patience, ſtep by ſtep,
Self-diffident, or to the ſlower kind,
He through the maze of falſehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the laſt, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And ev'n the loſer own'd the juſt decree.
But when, in ſenates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd ſalubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His inſight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous ſeem'd from ſimple ſenſe to flow,
And the plain patriot ſmooth'd the brow of law.
No ſpecious ſwell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear; no ſtudy'd maze

Of

Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: ſafe in itſelf,
In its own force, all-powerful reaſon ſpoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,
He ſtream'd deciſive day, and ſhow'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
The heart attends: for let the *venal* try
Their every hardening ſtupifying art,
Truth muſt prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And nature, ſkilful touch'd, is honeſt ſtill.
Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wiſdom! ſuch abilities! and, join'd
To virtue ſo determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of ſuch adamantine proof,
As ev'n corruption, hopeleſs, and o'er-aw'd,
Durſt not have *tempted!* Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to pleaſe,
Nobly to pleaſe; while equally he ſcorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the ſtate, where wakes a ruling eye
Of ſuch inſpection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard ſo vigilant, ſo pure,
Toil may reſign his careleſs head to reſt,
And ever-jealous freedom ſleep in peace.
Ah! loſt untimely! loſt in downward days!
And many a patriot counſel with him loſt!
Counſels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,

Her

Her native foe, from eldeſt time by fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
Let learning, arts, let univerſal worth,
Lament a patron loſt, a friend and judge.
Unlike the ſons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's proſtituted name,
Dare ſacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And fluſh confuſion o'er an honeſt cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it ſeem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the publick, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous ſource of good.
His ſympathizing heart itſelf receiv'd
The generous obligation he beſtow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muſes own,
But ſcorn with noble pride the boaſted aid
Of taſteleſs vanity's inſulting hand.
The gracious ſtream, that chears the letter'd world,
Is not the noiſy gift of ſummer's noon,
Whoſe ſudden current, from the naked root,
Waſhes the little ſoil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the bluſhing flowers:
No, 'tis the ſoft-deſcending dews at eve,
The ſilent treaſures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their ſtores, the ſtill night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freſhen'd world,
In fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and ſong.
Still let me view him in the pleaſing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded ſoul is ſeen.

Th

with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd,
thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
oft graces of the friendly ſcene,
g ſocial confidence and eaſe.
the converſe of the wiſe and good,
us, diſentangling every power,
eathing mix'd improvement with delight,
n amid the various-bloſſom'd ſpring,
le-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,
iloſophic mind with nature talks.
his ſons, his dear remains, with whom
her laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,
i'd your filial duty thence the more,
riendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,
the ties of blood, oh! ſpeak the joy,
re ſerene, the chearful wiſdom mild,
tuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,
lance of amuſement, through the breaſt
. And thou, O * Rundle! lend thy ſtrain,
arling friend! thou brother of his ſoul!
m the head and heart their ſtores unite;
er fancy paints, invention pours,
nt digeſts, the well-tun'd boſom feels,
iatural, moral, or divine, has taught,
rtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
ie the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
emory converſing, you will pour,
he pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,

* Dr. Rundle, late Biſhop of Derry, in Ireland.

Where

Where Derry's mountains a bleak creſcent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, reſounding, ruſh,
Impetuous. Though from native ſun-ſhine driven,
Driven from your friends, the ſun-ſhine of the ſoul
By ſlanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bleſs your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendſhip glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into ſlow eſteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the ſweet light from mingled minds diſclos'd,
From mingled chemic oils as burſts the fire.
I too remember well that chearful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The ſerious there
Mix'd with the ſportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth ſoften'd wiſdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the ſting.
Not ſimple nature's unaffected ſons,
The blameleſs Indians, round the foreſt-chear,
In ſunny lawn or ſhady covert ſet,
Hold more unſpotted converſe: nor, of old,
Rome's aweful conſuls, her dictator-ſwains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with ſtricter virtue fed the ſoul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attick meal,
Where Socrates preſided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper ſcience reign'd.

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds,
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By juſt degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human kind, to parent nature's works.
Of free acceſs, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And ſpread an open countenance, where ſmil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
For *nothing human foreign was to him.*
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be ſupported, you ſucceed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through lateſt time, enrich your race,
When groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt,
And with their authors in oblivion ſunk
Vain titles lie, the ſervile badges oft
Of mean ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age,
Of univerſal reaſon's various ſons,
And ev'n of God himſelf, ſole perfect judge!
Yet know, theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
On rigid terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant ſeeks our faults, cannot through life,
Amid the nameleſs inſects of a court,

Unheeded

Unheeded ſteal: but, with his fire compar'd,
He muſt be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muſe
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That ſhould a Talbot mourn. Ourſelves, indeed
Our country robb'd of her delight and ſtrength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, teaching our views to riſe
Through ever-brightening ſcenes of future work
Be dumb, ye worſt of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hop
Whence every joy below its ſpirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another ſource,
Than the blind maze of undeſigning blood;
Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.
Methinks I ſee his mounting ſpirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Eternal goodneſs, on this darkſome ſpot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliſs,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot ſhades, and point him out,

:h joyful pride, Britannia's blameleſs boaſt.
! who is he, that with a fonder eye
ets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the beſt of ſons!
: beſt of friends!—Too ſoon is realiz'd
it hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!
anwhile the kindred ſouls of every land,
owe'er divided in the fretful days
prejudice and error) mingled now,
one ſelected never-jarring ſtate,
iere God himſelf their only monarch reigns,
take the joy; yet, ſuch the ſenſe that ſtill
mains of earthly woes, for us below,
d for our loſs, they drop a pitying tear.
t ceaſe, preſumptuous Muſe, nor vainly ſtrive
quit this cloudy ſphere that binds thee down:
s not for mortal hand to trace theſe ſcenes,
:nes, that our groſs ideas groveling caſt
hind, and ſtrike our boldeſt language dumb.
Forgive, immortal ſhade! if aught from earth,
om duſt low-warbled, to thoſe groves can riſe,
here flows celeſtial harmony, forgive
iis fond ſuperfluous verſe. With deep-felt voice,
i every heart impreſs'd, thy deeds themſelves
teſt thy praiſe. Thy praiſe the widow's ſighs,
id orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
ie ſons of juſtice and the ſons of ſtrife,
l who or freedom or who intereſt prize,
deep-divided nation's parties all,
nſpire to ſwell thy ſpotleſs praiſe to heaven.
ad heaven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres

With

With ſongs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inſpires.
The Muſe, beſides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her prieſteſs, gives it her, to hymn,
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIO

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALE

WHILE ſecret-leaguing nations frown arou
Ready to pour the long-expected ſtorm;
While She, who wont the reſtleſs Gaul to bound,
Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;
While on our vitals ſelfiſh parties prey,
And deep corruption eats our ſoul away:

Yet in the Goddeſs of the Main appears
A gleam of joy gay-fluſhing every grace,
As ſhe the cordial voice of millions hears,
Rejoicing, zealous, o'er *thy* riſing race:
Strait her rekindling eyes reſume their fire,
The Virtues ſmile, the Muſes tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muſe's ſong,
United Britons thy dear Offſpring hail:
The city triumphs through her glowing throng;
The ſhepherd tells his tranſport to the dale;
The ſons of rougheſt toil forget their pain,
And the glad ſailor chears the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Auguſta's gentle blood,
And thine, thou friend of liberty! be born
Can aught ſave what is lovely, generous, good;
What will, at once, defend us, and adorn?
From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas riſe.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,
To ſing the promis'd glories of thy reign!
What though, by years depreſs'd, my Muſe might bend;
My heart will teach her ſtill a nobler ſtrain:
How, with recover'd Britain, will ſhe ſoar,
When France inſults, and Spain ſhall rob no more.

VERSES occaſioned by the Death of Mr. AIKMAN, a particular Friend of the Author's.

AS thoſe we love decay, we die in part,
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart;
Till looſen'd life, at laſt, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who lateſt feels the blow,
Whoſe eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can reſign is breath.

O D E.

I.

TELL me, thou ſoul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his chearleſs home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'ſt round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd ſhadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find a ſhort relief,
Oh, viſit thou my ſoothing dream!

EPITAPH on Miss STANLEY,*

In Holyrood Church, Southampton.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,
Such as GOD made it
When he pronounced every work of his to be good.
To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;
Who, to all the beauty, modeſty,
And gentleneſs of nature,
That ever adorned the moſt amiable woman,
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
And vigour of mind,
That ever exalted the moſt heroical man;
Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,
The joy, the conſolation, and pattern of her friends,
A miſtreſs not only of the Engliſh and French,
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,
Without vanity or pedantry,
At the age of eighteen,
After a tedious, painful, deſperate illneſs,
Which, with a Roman ſpirit,
And a Chriſtian reſignation,
She endured ſo calmly, that ſhe ſeemed inſenſible
To all pain and ſuffering, except that of her friends,
Gave up her innocent ſoul to her Creator,
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,

* See what is ſaid of this lady in "Summer."

The memory of her virtues for her greateſt ſupport;
Virtues which, in her ſex and ſtation of life,
Were all that could be practiſed,
And more than will be believed,
Except by thoſe who know what this inſcription relates.

HERE, Stanley, reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!
O, born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm,
To ſhow us Virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs Reaſon's moral reign.
What boaſtful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Bleſt be the bark! that wafts us to the ſhore,
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

To the Reverend Mr. MURDOCH, Rector of Straddiſhall, in Suffolk, 1738.

THUS ſafely low, my friend, thou can'ſt not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me, the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford,
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhivering limbs again.

Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing, that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing, when ſpring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!
If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFICK DOCTOR.

SWEET, ſleeky Doctor! dear pacific ſoul!
Lay at the beef, and ſuck the vital bowl!
Still let th' involving ſmoak around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulneſs ſettle in thine eye.
Ah! ſoft in down theſe dainty limbs repoſe,
And in the very lap of ſlumber doze;
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
And ſure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in ſleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the Lethargic Book thy head.
Theſe eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeaſurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be ſung,
Nor let thy thoughts be diſtanc'd by thy tongue;
If e'er the lingerers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'ſt to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the ſwimming head we bend;
But when ſerene, the pulpit you aſcend,
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
And round you the conſenting audience ſleeps.
So when an aſs with ſluggiſh front appears,
The horſes ſtart, and prick their quivering ears;
But ſoon as e'er the ſage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

II.

The ſhepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, ſoftly-ſighing, thus reply'd:
'Tis true, you have ſubdued my heart,
But ſhall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The ſlave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his paſſion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſtening plain.

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
  With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Not purer her own wiſhes riſe,
  Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.

But, if, at firſt, her virgin fear
  Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſooth her ear—
  True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

SONG.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
  In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
  In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
  In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſhening fields appear:
  Without my love there is no ſpring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
  An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid

Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But buſy buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

S O N G.

COME, gentle God of ſoft deſire,
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt!
Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
In rapture, rage, and nonſenſe dreſt.

Theſe are the vain diſguiſe of love;
And, or beſpeak diſſembled pains,
Or elſe a fleeting paſſion prove—
The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendſhip's angel-guiſe;
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art:
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
More ſweet emotions at the heart.

O,

O, come with goodneſs in thy train,
With peace, and tranſport void of ſtorm,
And, would'ſt thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

Intended to have been inſerted in the Fourth Act of SOPHONISBA, a Tragedy.

COME, gentle Venus! and aſſuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.
For nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintery tempeſts haſte away,
A lucid calm inveſts the ſea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
The flowering earth wheree'er you fly,
Is all o'er ſpring, all ſun the ſky.
A genial ſpirit warms the breeze;
Unſeen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The deſert growls a ſoften'd note,
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.
But chief into the human heart
You ſtrike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleaſing pangs to know
To languiſh in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous paſſions riſe,
Grow good by gazing, mild by ſighs;

Each

Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love,
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh, come, ſweet ſmiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has cruſh'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has foil'd them with his cruel ſtains,
Has ſunk our youth in endleſs ſleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh, take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy boſom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiſs,
Ah, then! his ſtormy heart control,
And ſigh thyſelf into his ſoul.

O D E.

O Nightingale, beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to the
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's ſimple laws
  Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell whereever roving fancy draws,
  And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care:
But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
  Dare not be bleſt leſt envious tongues ſhould blame;
And hence, in vain I languiſh for my bride;
  O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame.

TO SERAPHINA.

ODE.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
  Are like the falſe illuſive light,
Whoſe flattering unauſpicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that ſweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the ſacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bleſt,
Conducting them to peace and reſt.
  A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguiſh, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes diſpenſe
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in viſions angels ſhed
Around the heaven-illumin'd head.

To love thee, Seraphina, ſure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low paſſions to eſcape,
And woo bright virtue's faireſt ſhape;
'Tis extaſy with wiſdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

O D E

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP*.

I.

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove;
Ye unſeen beings, to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

II.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

III.

But, hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone,
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he the ſacred Bard †; who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

* Æolus's Harp is a muſical inſtrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oſwald; its properties are fully deſcribed in the Caſtle of Indolence.

† Jeremiah.

IV. Such

IV.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir,
Through heaven's high dome their aweful anthem raiſe;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

VI.

Let me, ye wandering ſpirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe, my Muſe forgets to ſing.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleaſing Solitude,
Companion of the wiſe and good,
But, from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky,
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſkip ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.

Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage, and ſwain;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And chear thy glooms with light divine:
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret cell!
And in thy deep receſſes dwell;

Perhaps

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

SINCE Athens firſt began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and ſhew th' impaſſion'd mind;
The truly wiſe have ever deem'd the ſtage
The moral ſchool of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the tragic Muſe appears,
Queen of ſoft ſorrows, and of uſeful fears.
Faint is the leſſon reaſon'd rules impart:
She pours it ſtrong and inſtant through the heart.
If virtue is her theme; we ſudden glow
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we grow.
If vice ſhe paints; indignant paſſions riſe:
The villain ſeems himſelf with loathing eyes.
His ſoul ſtarts, conſcious, at another's groan:
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.
To-night our meaning ſcene attempts to ſhow
What fell events from dark ſuſpicion flow;
Chief when it taints a lawleſs monarch's mind,
To the falſe herd of flattering ſlaves confin'd.

The ſoul ſinks gradual to ſo dire a ſtate;
Ev'n excellence but ſerves to feed its hate:
To hate remorſeleſs, cruelty ſucceeds,
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.
Behold, our author at your bar appears,
His modeſt hopes depreſs'd by conſcious fears.
Faults he has many—But to balance thoſe,
His verſe with heart-felt love of virtue glows,
All ſlighter errors let indulgence ſpare:
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this beſt Britiſh privilege we call:
Then—as he merits, let him ſtand, or fall.

DENNIS TO MR. THOMSON

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I ſin
Thy various Seaſons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her bloſſoms, various as thy Muſe.
And, like thy ſoft compaſſion, ſheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expreſſion glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeneſs throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' inſtructed reader gains,
Who taſtes the meaning purpoſe of thy ſtrains.
Winter—but that no ſemblance takes from thee;
That hoary ſeaſon yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak ſtorms I withering lay,
Leafleſs, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet ſhall my propleſs ivy, pale and bent,
Bleſs the ſhort ſunſhine which thy pity lent.

E F

EPITAPH

ON MR. THOMSON.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boaſt thoſe honours Sculpture can beſtow;
Short-liv'd renown! that every moment muſt
Sink with its emblem, and conſume to duſt!
But Thomſon needs no artiſt to engrave,
From dumb Oblivion no device to ſave;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior aſk;
Nature for him aſſumes herſelf the taſk;
The Seaſons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flouriſh, as from them it came.

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END OF THOMSON'S POEMS.

MR. HAMMOND'S

LOVE ELEGIES.

" Virginibus puerisque canto."

First printed in 1743.

PREFACE.

[By LORD CHESTERFIELD.]

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and juſtly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whoſe hands they fell, determined to publiſh them, in the perſuaſion that they would neither be unwelcome to the Publick, nor injurious to the memory of their Author. The reader muſt decide, whether this determination was the reſult of juſt judgement, or partial friendſhip; for the Editor feels, and avows ſo much of the latter, that he gives up all pretenſions to the former.

The Author compoſed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgement and correctneſs, neither of which ſeem wanting here. But ſincere in his love as in his friendſhip, he wrote to his miſtreſſes, as he ſpoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine ſentiments of his heart; he ſate down to write what he thought, not to think what he ſhould write; it was nature and ſentiment only that dictated to a real miſtreſs, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore ſpeaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive

To pleaſe her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
And ſooth with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind:
In vain,—though Reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ſtill lags behind.

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the Avarice Neæra, and reſolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill would heave for more,
Not all the gods could ſatisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
And, when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be griev'd
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep:

With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
Shall ſtrow the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt,
Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

ELEGY IV.

To his Friend, written under the Confinement of a long Indiſpoſition.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer-day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and ſick on death is all my thought,
Oh, ſpare, Perſephone, this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace;
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred fane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the gods' eternal reſt
With curſes loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear?
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy ſhades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh, let me ſtill enjoy the chearful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your abſent friend.

ELEGY

ELEGY V.

The Lover is at firſt introduced ſpeaking to his Servant, he afterwards addreſſes himſelf to his Miſtreſs, and at laſt there is a ſuppoſed Interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy maſter's care,
Till creeping ſlumber ſooth his troubled breaſt,
Let not a whiſper ſtir the ſilent air,
If hapleſs love a while conſent to reſt.

Untoward guards beſet my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' impriſon'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blaſt whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive thoſe bolts of ſteel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy ſounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curſes far from thee ſhall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we ſay.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful ſlave,
Venus will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youth who ſee not where they tread,
She ſhews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

The fearleſs lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obſtructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathleſs night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never ſtray.

I ſcorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardſhips I for love ſuſtain,
With love's victorious joys at laſt be crown'd:

With ſudden ſtep let none our bliſs ſurprize,
Or check the freedom of ſecure delight—
Raſh man beware, and ſhut thy curious eyes,
Leſt angry Venus ſnatch their guilty ſight.

But ſhould'ſt thou ſee, th' important ſecret hide,
Though queſtion'd by the powers of earth and he
The prating tongue ſhall love's revenge abide,
Still ſue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's antient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy huſband's ear,
At her command I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightnings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us wildly roam;
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till, ſcar'd at day, they ſought their dreary home

At her command the vigorous ſummer pines,
And wintery clouds obſcure the hopeful year;
At her ſtrong bidding, gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a huſband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But what did moſt this faithful heart ſurprize,
She boaſted that her ſkill could ſet it free;
This faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendſhip with Cælia, who was lately dead.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care,
Officious hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them ſtill,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I ſhall thee obtain,
But can I liſten to her ſyren ſong,
Who ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?

By all the joys thy deareſt Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn:

To her I firſt avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue,
She ſtill would pity what the wife might blame,
And feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew:

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hovering round us all my ſufferings hears,
She is my ſaint,—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her ſad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire,
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain:
Ah, to recal the ſad remembrance ſpare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

On Delia's being in the Country, where he ſuppoſes ſhe ſtays to ſee the Harveſt.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that ſtill in town remain,
Venus herſelf attends on Delia there,
And Cupid ſports amid the ſylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold,
I 'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare through the ſtubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The

he ſcorching heats I 'd careleſſly deſpiſe,
or heed the bliſters on my tender hand;
he great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
ike me ſubdued to love's ſupreme command.

o healing herbs could ſooth their maſter's pain,
he art of phyſic loſt, and uſeleſs lay,
o Peneus' ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
e drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

ft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
is bluſhing Siſter ſaw him pace along;
ft would his voice the ſilent valley charm,
ill lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted Python ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful iſle?
The God himſelf is grown a cottage-ſwain.

), Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With Harveſt's chearful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for loſt Proſerpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they ſtaid but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!—But, oh! I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inſpire
I 'll do.—I 'll plough, or dig as Delia's ſlave.

ELEGY VIII.

He deſpairs that he ſhall ever poſſeſs Delia.

AH, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatneſs was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt,
Then, old with love, inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt.

I ſcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only aſk to live my Delia's ſlave,
And, when I long have ſerv'd her, call her wife:

I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſt,
To ſink, o'ercome with bliſs, in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.

Attend, O Juno! with thy ſober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of deſire;
This one fond wiſh, if you refuſe to hear,
Oh, let me with this ſigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

He has loſt Delia.

HE who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover ſtill who dy'd not of deſpair:

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

Sad is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in ſilent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape that might have bleſt my arms?
Where are thoſe hopes relentleſs Fate denies?

When ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
Delia may come, and ſee my poor remains,—
Oh, Delia! after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend,
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

To ſooth the hovering ſoul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year;
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt Eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſufferings ſhow:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom with the parting fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's Birth-Day.

THIS day, which ſaw my Delia's beauty riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſt,
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breaſt.

By

By all our guarded ſighs, and hid deſires,
Oh, may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I burn, and glory in the pleaſing fires,
If Delia's boſom ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs, or looſe the ſwain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart deſires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue reſtrain;
The ſecret thought, which bluſhing love inſpires,
The conſcious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Againſt Lovers going to War, in which he philoſophically prefers Love and Delia to the more ſerious Vanities of the World.

THE man who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art:

Yet

Yet not from ſteel, debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear:

Why ſhould the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in every ſtroke a double wound?

Ah, better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With chearful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl,
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

NO ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurprize,
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind:
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſooth his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bleſt.

With thee in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expel,
And ſeem a world with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
In chains I 'll ſit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himſelf married to Delia, and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound:

While

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But, cheaply bleſt, I 'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I 'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſſly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I 'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or, lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or, if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop, and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſt,
ld float and wander with ambition's wind,
l if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind!

:h her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
truſt to happineſs that's not our own;
: ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
here I know that I am lov'd alone.

ıhope, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
y riſe, and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
th ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
ıile manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

Stanhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrongs,
humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
her alone I pen my tender ſong,
urely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

ıhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
ia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
th bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
d for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

's be the care of all my little train,
ıile I with tender indolence am bleſt,
e favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

her I 'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
d ſleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah,

With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I 'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing ha
Though I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Through all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with Peace and thee retir'd!
Though reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flattering love inſpir'd:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliſs no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight;
Compare the beauties of each different ſtile,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light:

Now mark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred lines,
Senſe rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a noble warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O Weſt, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall chear,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But why, ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah, ſtill I love, in pride and reaſon's ſpite,
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

OH, form'd alike to ſerve us, and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,
I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himſelf could flatter me no more,

My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my paſſion hurt, through friendſhip leave;
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs through its pride:
The prudence which I taught, I ill purſued,
The charm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd:
Again ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my paſſion by my ſhame;
While ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
Began with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And ſtrengthen'd by her faith each groundleſs tale,
Believ'd the groſſeſt arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's ſide:
Oh, where were then the ſcenes of fancied life?
Oh, where the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly paſt,
Not two revolving moons could ſee them laſt.—
To Stow's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
In Cobham's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
In nature learned, and humanely wiſe:
There Pitt, in manners ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
With mild advice my liſtening grief ſhall charm,
With ſenſe to counſel, and with wit to pleaſe,
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's eaſe.
Nor you, my friend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
Contemn the human weakneſs of my breaſt;

Reaſon may chide the faults ſhe cannot cure,
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;
Though wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind,
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

PROLOGUE to Lillo's Elmerick.*

NO labour'd ſcenes to-night adorn our ſtage,
Lillo's plain ſenſe would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From paſſion's force, and, as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's teſt could bear,
Yet from each eye ſtill draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his lateſt ſtrains,
And let kind pity ſhelter his remains.
Depreſt by want, afflicted by diſeaſe,
Dying he wrote, and dying wiſh'd to pleaſe.
Oh, may that wiſh be now humanely paid,
And no harſh critic vex his gentle ſhade.
'Tis yours his unſupported fame to ſave,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

* See the Epilogue to this Tragedy among the Poems of Lord Lyttelton. In the Life of Lillo, however, that Epilogue is confidently aſcribed to Mr. Hammond.

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END OF HAMMOND'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

Mr. COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral. Scene, a Valley near Bagdat. Time, the Morning.

YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs, wheree'er we dwell.
Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.

Ye

ECLOGUE II.

Haſſan; or the Camel-driver. Scene, the Deſert. Time, Mid-day.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,

In

vain ye hope the green delights to know,
hich plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
re rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
nd faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
eak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
ne lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
nd life is dearer than the golden ore:
t money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
ll oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
nd are we only yet repaid by thee?
! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
hy heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
ne gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
ne fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
hy think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
an dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
hen thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
hat if the lion in his rage I meet!—
in the duſt I view his printed feet:
d, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
lds her pale empire to the mourner night,

By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O, hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe drops her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
" Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He

He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana. Scene, a Foreſt. Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain.
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:
Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;

* That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia; ſee the modern hiſtory of Mr. Salmon.

All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love,
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove;
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:

Some

ne ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
ith joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
And oft the royal lover left the care
d thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
: to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
id thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
eet was his love, and innocent his bed.
hat if in wealth the noble maid excel;
ıe ſimple ſhepherd-girl can love as well.
t thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewel'd throne,
fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
ıe lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
happy days! the maids around her ſay;
haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives. Scene, a Mountain in Circaſſia. Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when aweful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance through the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight through all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!

Still

ill as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
nd ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
: blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
)n citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
·oops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
r fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
nd leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
) ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
r off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
ft dreams of love and pleaſure ſoothe his mind,
lidſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
) wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry eat,
ave lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
/eet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
nd once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
) more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
· Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove
ı Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
· breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
ir ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
ith eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
) more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
)r the kind products of a bounteous year;

No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains, that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O Thou, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild *Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

* A river in Suſſex.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was ſhewn;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth complete
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat,
In all who view the ſhrine.

There Picture's toil ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd Muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhewn;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her aweful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous Queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful line,
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?

* Æſchylus. † Jocaſta.

Or

Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpeare's breſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In Fancy, lovelieſt child,
Thy babe, and Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!
Thou,

Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamel'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O ſiſter meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreathe,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;

But

But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Though taſte, though genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His lovelieſt Elfin queen has bleſt)

One,

One, only one unrival'd fair*,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn tournay hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given,
To few the god-like gift affigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her fl
The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſapphire throne,

* Florimel. See Spenſer, Leg. 4.

The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born?
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſate ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.

I view

I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain—Such bliſs to one alone,
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

ODE. Written in the year 1746.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and aweful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground:
See Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roſeate bower,
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound
O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided power,
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragment broke.

EPODE

EPODE.

2.

Yet, ev'n wheree'er the leaſt appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found;
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wondrous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul;
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they, whom ſcience lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino joins the theme,
Though leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem;
Strike, louder ſtrike th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe, whoſe merchant ſons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;

Forth from his eyrie rouz'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe * to whom thy ſtork is dear:
Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand †,
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet through all our land.

* The Dutch, amongſt whom there are very ſevere penalties for thoſe who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if the whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct, they ſhould loſe their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

To

the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
e wild waves found another way,
Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
ll the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
wild ſtorm ev'n Nature's ſelf confounding,
:ring her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth fur-
pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide, [priſe.
winds and inward labours torn,
inders dread was puſh'd aſide,
d down the ſhouldering billows borne.
, like gems, her laughing train,
ttle iſles on every ſide,
once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
e thouſand elfin ſhapes abide,
ight who checks the weſtering tide,
ee conſenting heaven has each beſtow'd,
:tendant on her ſovereign pride:
ee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt abode!

ere is a tradition in the Iſle of Man, that a becoming enamoured of a young man of ex- ary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſ- im, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſion- horror and ſurpriſe at her appearance. This was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that, in or his treatment of her, ſhe puniſhed the whole y covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who at- to carry on any commerce with it, either never it it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing Goddeſs, ſtood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet:
Though now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'T were hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if truth thoſe beams infuſe,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muſe,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd ſky:
Amidſt the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model ſtill remains.
There happier than in iſlands bleſt,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dreſt,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's ſtory,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their conſorted Druids ſing
Their triumphs to th' immortal ſtring.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?

Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it ſeems to riſe!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majeſtic, through the mix'd deſign;
The ſecret builder knew to chuſe,
Each ſphere found gem of richeſt hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer ſuns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's ſight
May ever hang with freſh delight,
And, grav'd with ſome prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmoſt altar ſtand!
Now ſoothe her, to her bliſsful train
Blithe Concord's ſocial form to gain:
Concord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Ev'n Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep:
Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
Rage drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm;
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding ſound,
The nations ſhout to her around,
O, how ſupremely art thou bleſt,
Thou, Lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!

If, weak to ſoothe ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy conſtant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſee'ſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near:

Wheree'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more aweful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhowers, as oft he won
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O Thou, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O P

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, Goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken deſign'd;
The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores,
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores,
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch fairy field,
Some power impart the ſpear and ſhield,
At which the wizard paſſions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:

Where

Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!
Youth of the quick uncheated ſight,
Thy walks, Obſervance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'ſt that ampler range,
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,
And, with her mingled ſons ally'd,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide:
To me in converſe ſweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From Nature as ſhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted ſchool;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk,
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs Manners round her riſe;
While, ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:

With

With theſe the white-rob'd maid combine,
And thoſe the laughing ſatyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone:
Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide!
By old Miletus* who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong:
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades:
By him†, whoſe knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales ev'n now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat:
Or him‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,

* Alluding to the Mileſian Tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monſieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

Who

Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
You rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

The PASSIONS. An ODE for Muſic.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

First

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And

And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [his hea
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting fro
Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hat
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtol
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

Th

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd ſiſters, and their chaſte-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.
Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.
O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.

Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording ſiſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound—
O, bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

AN EPISTLE

Addreſſed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edi of Shakeſpeare's Works.

WHILE, born to bring the Muſe's happier da
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
With conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakeſpeare,s nam

Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unown'd by ſcience, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wintery winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd through time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the *Theban's reign,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic ſiſters keep their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, though transfer'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly ſoil.
As arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, Prieſts, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

Till * Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade:
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung:
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakeſpeare to her fame be born!

Yet, ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in Art.
Of ſofter mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His † every ſtrain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ſtronger Shakeſpeare felt for man alone:

* Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.

† Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Dryden. Drawn

Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.
* With gradual ſteps, and ſlow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew.
Till late Corneille, with † Lucan's ſpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and he inſpir'd:
And claſſic judgement gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temperate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.
But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
And wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every ſcene could give
Th' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurprize,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:

* About the time of Shakeſpeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Jonſon excepted.
† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

The time ſhall come when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.
Wheree'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and vallies ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.
O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
There native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſwade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!
Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdued the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar.

O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But * who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not war's inſatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midſt the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inſpires,
The ſiſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires;
Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring:
Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to nature, own thy forming hand.
So ſpread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore:

* Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyſſey.

When raiſ'd by fate, ſome former Hammer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, ſuppoſed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And riſe all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ODE

On the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
His airy harp* ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love through life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.

III. Then

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And, while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening * ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,

* Mr. Thomſon was buried in Richmond church.

Now

Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

X.

* The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds, and ſhepherd girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

VERSES

Written on a Paper, which contained a Piece of Bride-Cake.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's ſake!

* Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſome time before his death.

This

This precious relick, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond requeſt,
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe are mixt in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's iſle;
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial, and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint conſent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn, while theſe remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And chearful hope, ſo oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy ſongs ſhall ſoothe his penſive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendſhip's gentle ſide,
And fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much intreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight,
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note uſurp the night.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the paſtoral, as well as of every other reſpectable ſpecies of poetry, had its origin in the Eaſt, and from thence was tranſplanted by the Muſes of Greece; but whether from the continent of the leſſer Aſia, or from Egypt, which, about the æra of the Grecian paſtoral, was the hoſpitable nurſe of letters, it is not eaſy to determine. From the ſubjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the hiſtory of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it ſhould ſtill remain a doubt through what channel the paſtoral travelled weſtward, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In thoſe ages, which, guided by ſacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the moſt authentic hiſtorians, that the chiefs of the people employed themſelves in rural exerciſes, and that aſtronomers and legiſlators were at the ſame time ſhepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the hiſtory of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean ſhepherd.

From

From theſe circumſtances it is evident not only that ſuch ſhepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the paſtoral kind; would take its ſubjects from thoſe ſcenes of rural ſimplicity in which they were converſant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the moſt ancient poems treat of agriculture, aſtronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural ſyſtems.

What conſtitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Paſtoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of compoſition peculiar to the latter: this form of compoſition is ſometimes diſpenſed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought ſufficient to diſtinguiſh the paſtoral. The tender paſſion, however, ſeems to be eſſential to this ſpecies of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from thoſe pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in thoſe eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whoſe only purport is a trial of ſkill between contending ſhepherds, love has its uſual ſhare, and the praiſes of their reſpective miſtreſſes are the general ſubjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that ſcarce any oriental compoſitions of this kind have ſurvived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many ſuch have been extant, poſſibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without

without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity periſhed in the aſhes of the Alexandrian library.

Thoſe ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of paſtoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter ſources, and kindled their poetical fires at thoſe then unextinguiſhed lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himſelf of thoſe magnificent images and deſcriptions ſo frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Teſtament; and why may not Theocritus, Moſchus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eaſtern writers, whoſe names have periſhed with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit ſuch a ſuppoſition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could ſuggeſt with regard to Homer, that they deſtroyed the ſources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their ſupporters to death.

As the Septuagint-tranſlation of the Old Teſtament was performed at the requeſt, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed ſome of his paſtoral imagery from the poetical paſſages of thoſe books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ια μεν φορεοιτε βατοι, φορεοιτε δ' ακανθαι·
Ἁ δε καλα ναρκισσος επ' αρκευθοισι κομασαι·
Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και ἁ πιτυς οχνας ενειακαι
——— και τως κυνας ὠλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narciſſus dreſs his hair—
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer ſhall drag the trembling hound.

the cauſe, indeed, of theſe phænomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important perſon: but the marks of imitation are nevertheleſs obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the ſacred writers, the celebrated Epithalamium of Solomon, ſo much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have eſcaped his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the ſpirit of the Hebrew ſong:

Ουτω δε πρωϊζα κατεδραθες, ω φιλε γαμβρε;

The colour of imitation is ſtill ſtronger in the following paſſage:

Αως αντελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἁτε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ανεντος·
Ὡδε και ἁ χρυσεα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' εν ἡμῖν,

Πιειρα,

Πιειρη, μεγαλη. ἁτ' ανεδραμεν ογμος αρυρᾳ,
Η καπῳ κυπαρισσος, η ἁρματι Θεσσαλος ἱππος.

This description of Helen is infinitely above the style and figure of the Sicilian pastoral—"She is like the "rising of the golden morning, when the night depart-"eth, and when the winter is over and gone. She re-"sembleth the cypress in the garden, the horse in the "chariots of Thessaly." These figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the same Idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage pastoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has survived the ruins of time, a happiness for which it is, probably, more indebted to its sacred character than to its intrinsic merit. Not that it is by any means destitute of poetical excellence: like all the eastern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, allusions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characterises its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In consequence of these peculiarities, so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin pastoral.

The scenery and subjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the style and colouring are purely European; and, for this reason, the author's

preface, in which he intimates that he had the or from a merchant who traded to the eaſt, is omit being now altogether ſuperfluous.

With regard to the merit of theſe eclogues, juſtly be aſſerted, that in ſimplicity of deſcripti expreſſion, in delicacy and ſoftneſs of numbers, natural and unaffected tenderneſs, they are not equalled by any thing of the paſtoral kind in the l language.

ECLOGUE I.

THIS eclogue, which is entitled Selim, or the herd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatic in th ject, may be thought the leaſt entertaining of the but it is by no means the leaſt valuable. The precepts which the intelligent ſhepherd delivers fellow-ſwains and the virgins, their companion ſuch as would infallibly promote the happineſs paſtoral life.

In imperſonating the private *virtues*, the poet h ſerved great propriety, and has formed their gen with the moſt perfect judgement, when he rep them as the daughters of Truth and Wiſdom.

The characteriſtics of Modeſty and Chaſtity a tremely happy and *peinturesque*:

" Come thou, *whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprin*
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty appear;
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe, ſuſpicious maid;

Cold is her breaſt, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view."

The two ſimilies borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expreſſive. There is, notwithſtanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chaſtity as to Modeſty; and from this inſtance, as well as from a thouſand more, we may ſee the neceſſity of diſtinguiſhing, in characteriſtic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both thoſe eſſential *criteria* of the paſtoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former ſtill retains an intereſt in it, and that too very material, as it profeſſedly conſults the virtue and happineſs of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

—— that muſt lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

ALL the advantages that any ſpecies of poetry can derive from the novelty of the ſubject and ſcenery, this eclogue poſſeſſes. The rout of a camel-driver is a ſcene that ſcarce could exiſt in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant diſtreſſes he could have no idea.—Theſe are very happily and minutely painted by our deſcriptive poet. What ſublime ſimplicity of expreſſion! what nervous plainneſs in the opening of the poem!

" In ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole ſcene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this ſingle couplet we feel all the effect that ariſes from the terrible wildneſs of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verſes that deſcribe ſo minutely the camel-driver's little proviſions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehenſions of diſtreſs:

" Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to ſay whether his apoſtrophe to the "mute companions of his toils," is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderneſs and humanity of the ſentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injuſtice, if he concludes it to be deſtitute of ſenſibility:

" Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around."

Yet in theſe beautiful lines there is a ſlight error, which writers of the greateſt genius very frequently fall into—It will be needleſs to obſerve to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and ſixth verſes there is a verbal pleonaſm where

where the poet ſpeaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an overſight of the ſame kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet ſays

" —— Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taſte it is nevertheleſs diſguſtful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgement, that men of genius and judgement may guard againſt it.

Mr. Collins ſpeaks like a true poet, as well in ſentiment as expreſſion, when, with regard to the thirſt of wealth, he ſays,

" Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?"

But, however juſt theſe ſentiments may appear to thoſe who have not revolted from nature and ſimplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-ſtreet, or Cheapſide, he would not have been complimented with the underſtanding of the bellman.—A ſtriking proof, that our own particular ideas of happineſs regulate our opinions concerning the ſenſe and wiſdom of others!

It is impoſſible to take leave of this moſt beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration ſo juſtly due to the following nervous lines.

" What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:

And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

This, amongſt many other paſſages to be met with in the writings of Collins, ſhews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in deſcription, notwithſtanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expreſſed, than the image in the laſt couplet.

That deception, ſometimes uſed in rhetoric and poetry, which preſents us with an object or ſentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greateſt advantage:

" Farewel the youth, whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!"

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettineſs, than a real, or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

THAT innocent and native ſimplicity of manners, which, in the firſt eclogue, was allowed to conſtitute the happineſs of love, is here beautifully deſcribed in its effects. The ſultan of Perſia marries a Georgian ſhepherdeſs,

herdeſs, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can beſtow. The moſt natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are thoſe where the fair ſultana refers with ſo much pleaſure to her paſtoral amuſements, and thoſe ſcenes of happy innocence in which ſhe had paſſed her early years; particularly when, upon her firſt departure,

"Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable ſimplicity reminds one of that paſſage, where Proſerpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loſs of the flowers ſhe has been gathering.

"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis:
Tantaque ſimplicitas pueribus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem."

ECLOGUE IV.

THE beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the ſcene of this pathetic is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its ſavage neighbours, when Mr. Collins ſo affectedly deſcribed its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miſeries of mankind, and it is with the utmoſt tenderneſs and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the ſcene, and brings the preſent drama before us. Of every circumſtance that could poſſibly contribute to the tender effect this paſtoral was deſigned to produce, the poet has availed himſelf with the utmoſt

art and addreſs. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the diſtreſſes of Circaſſia, by repreſenting it as the ſcene of the happieſt love.

" In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumſtances of the dialogue a more affecting ſolemnity, he makes the time midnight, and deſcribes the two ſhepherds in the very act of flight from the deſtruction that ſwept over their country:

" Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:"

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which ſtrikes us more forcibly, the more we conſider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the ſhepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had paſſed. This is, certainly, painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or deſtitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the cloſeſt purſuit of nature is the ſureſt way to excellence in general, and to ſublimity in particular, in poetical deſcription, ſo we find that this ſimple ſuggeſtion of the ſhepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landſkip he deſcribes:

" And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!"

There

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expreſſing a ſlow and difficult movement by adding to the uſual number of pauſes in a verſe. This is obſervable in the line that deſcribes the aſcent of the mountain:

And laſt || this lofty mountain's || weary ſide ||

Here we find the number of pauſes, or muſical bars, which, in an heroic verſe, is commonly two, increaſed to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous ſweetneſs of expreſſion in the following deſcriptive lines is almoſt inimitably beautiful:

"Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale."

Nevertheleſs in this delightful landſkip there is an obvious fault: there is no diſtinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly; they are both flowery, and conſequently undiverſified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgement, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within ſo ſhort a compaſs; an overſight which thoſe who are accuſtomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other ſpecies of compoſition, know to be very poſſible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expreſſed, than the ſhepherd's apprehenſions

for

for his fair country-women, expoſed to the ravages of the invaders.

" In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief ſhall ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend."

There is, certainly, ſome very powerful charm in the liquid melody of ſounds. The editor of theſe poems could never read, or hear the following verſe repeated, without a degree of pleaſure otherwiſe entirely unaccountable:

" Their eyes' *blue languiſh*, and their *golden hair*."

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the ſame kind of anxious pleaſure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muſe. Poſſeſſed of a native

native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings of tenderneſs and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthuſiaſm, which gives to imagination its ſtrongeſt colouring, he was, at once, capable of ſoothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the paſſions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his deſcription.

In conſequence of theſe powers, but, more particularly, in conſideration of the laſt, he choſe ſuch ſubjects for his lyric eſſays as were moſt favourable for the indulgence of deſcription and allegory; where he could exerciſe his powers in moral and perſonal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already new known, and deſcribed by a determinate number of characteriſtics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the ſociety of imperſonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and ſuch were the advantages he derived from the deſcriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It ſeems to have been the whole induſtry of our author (and it is, at the ſame time, almoſt all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boaſt) to promote the influence of the ſocial virtues, by painting them in the faireſt and happieſt lights.

"Melior fieri tuendo,"

would

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it ſeems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it ſhould appear to ſome readers that he has been more induſtrious to cultivate deſcription than ſentiment; it may be obſerved, that his deſcriptions themſelves are ſentimental, and anſwer the whole end of that ſpecies of writing, by embelliſhing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the fineſt moral leſſons to the mind.

Horace ſpeaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is, certainly, of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the ſenſes, it is conveyed. The impreſſions left on the imagination may, poſſibly, be thought leſs durable than the depoſits of memory, but it may very well admit of a queſtion, whether a concluſion of reaſon, or an impreſſion of imagination, will ſooneſt make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is moſt likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, muſt be allowed, that thoſe works approach the neareſt to perfection which unite theſe powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and ſtriking deſcription, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation

ion of the paſſions, or the fancy, the effect, which night otherwiſe have been tranſient, is ſecured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treaſures up n a ſhort aphoriſm the moral ſcene.

This is a good reaſon, and this, perhaps, is the only reaſon that can be given, why our dramatic performances ſhould generally end with a chain of couplets. In theſe he moral of the whole piece is uſually conveyed; and hat aſſiſtance which the memory borrows from rhyme, is it was probably the original cauſe of it, gives it uſefulneſs and propriety even there.

After theſe apologies for the *deſcriptive* turn of the following odes, ſomething remains to be ſaid on the origin and uſe of *allegory* in poetical compoſition.

By this we are not to underſtand the trope in the ſchools, which is defined "aliud verbis, aliud ſenſu oſtendere," and of which Quintilian ſays, "uſus eſt, "ut triſtia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei "quædam contrariis ſignificemus, &c." It is not the verbal, but the ſentimental allegory, not allegorical expreſſion (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in queſtion.

When we endeavour to trace this ſpecies of figurative ſentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itſelf. It is generally agreed that the moſt ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the moſt ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the firſt literary productions

not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer
Collins's ſenſibility.—He did, indeed, admire
much as Milton profeſſedly did, and probably
ſame reaſon; but we do not find that he has cop
ſo cloſely as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometim
and particularly in the opening of Samſon-Ag
which is an evident imitation of the following pa
the Phœniſſæ.

Ηξει προπαροιθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῳ ποδι
Ὀφθαλμος ει συ, ναυβαταισιν ασρον ὡς
Δευρ' εις το λευρον πεδιον ιχνος τιθεισ' εμον,
Προβαινε.——— Act. III.

The "eyes of dewy light" is one of the
ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked amor
expreſſions which

"—give us back the image of the mind."

Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with Pity's lute."

"There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head."

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall riv
the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as
lins: both theſe poets, unhappily, became the
of that pity by which their writings are diſting
There was a ſimilitude in their genius and in th
ferings. There was a reſemblance in the misf
and in the diſſipation of their lives; and the circu
ces of their death cannot be remembered without

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the hiſtory of human misfortunes, and of drawing the ſcenes from the tragic Muſe, is very happy, and in every reſpect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himſelf to dramatic poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view, to have addreſſed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had given to the genius of Shakeſpeare:

"Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

In conſtruction of this nervous ode the author has ſhewn equal power of judgement and imagination. Nothing can be more ſtriking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when he feels the ſtrong influence of the power he invokes:

"Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near."

The editor of theſe poems has met with nothing in the ſame ſpecies of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal, in all reſpects, to the following deſcription of Danger:

"Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep."

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two laſt verſes without thoſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it, for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances, to ſuppoſe that the author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

" —— Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem ſcopulo——"

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's idea was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewiſe, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines:

" And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthuſiaſm, which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only ſoil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, ſeduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unna-

unnatural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments.

" Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."

" On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

There is an old traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons as ſhall die within the enſuing year, make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, as St. Patrick ſwam over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the ſubject, and it has, indeed, an air of ſimplicity not altogether unaffecting:

" By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to

the ſweetneſs and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the fineſt and the happieſt effect: yet, poſſibly, it will bear a queſtion, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to ſimplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at leaſt, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned that they juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true ſimplicity: the following moſt beautiful ſpeech of Polynices, will be a monument of this ſo long as poetry ſhall laſt.

——— πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' υδωρ.
Ων ου δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενη πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυρροουν.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγους αλγος) αυ σε δερκομα,
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πεπλους μελαγχιμους
Εχουσαν. EURIP. Phœniſſ. ver. 369.

"But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of ſimplicity among the Romans with the reign of Auguſtus, and indeed, it did not continue much longer, moſt of the compoſitions, after that date, giving into falſe and artificial ornament.

"No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean."

In theſe lines the writings of the Provençal poets are principally

principally alluded to, in which, ſimplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

THIS ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes, who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtic imagination. Nevertheleſs, the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgement of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted; thus the ſun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the ſhadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the crea-

tion of the Ceſtus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime: and the obſervation that, the dangerous paſſions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds that are perfectly ſerene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear."

ODE. Written in the year 1746.

ODE TO MERCY.

THE Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy and deluded wretches who became a ſacrifice to public juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the Ode

Ode to Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

" Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue."

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοτρυχων τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμων.———

" What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line:

" With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell."

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains

...rino, which, however u
power or extent of territory
tion to boaſt, that it has pre
any other ſtate, ancient or m
revolution, retained its preſe
1400 years. Moreover the p
and from whom it takes its r
record, as he is, perhaps, th
tributed to the eſtabliſhment

" Nor e'er her former prid
To ſad Liguria's bleeding
In theſe lines the poet alluc
ſtate of Genoa, occaſioned by
the Guelphs and Gibelines.

" —— When the favour'd
The daring archer heard th
For an account of the celebrat
verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle t

" Thoſe ...

refuſe it. Deſormeaux, in his Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire d'Eſpagne, thus deſcribes the ſufferings of the Flemings: "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de ré- "duire les Flamands au déſeſpoir. Après avoir inondé "les echafauts du ſang le plus noble et le plus précieux, "il faiſoit conſtruire des citadelles en divers endroits, "et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute onéreux qui "avoit été longtems en uſage parmi les Eſpagnols." Abreg. Chron. Tom. IV.

"—— Mona,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Iſle of Angleſey, anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. Both thoſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of ſuperſtition, and are now the only places where there is the leaſt chance of finding a fairy.

O D E,

To a Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles Roſs, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

THE iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, ſeems as well calculated for tender and plaintive ſubjects, as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity is required—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the ſtrain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs

needleſs to obſerve that this ode is repl
ſpirit, and pathos; and there, ſurely,
why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſh
that copy printed in Dodſley's Collect

ODE TO EVE

THE blank ode has for ſome time
into the Engliſh poetry; but its effor
to have been vain, at leaſt its recep
more than partial. It remains a qu
ther there is not ſomething in the nat
leſs adapted to the lyric than to th
ſince, though it has been generally re
ter, it is yet unadopted in the former.
cover this, we are to conſider the d
theſe different ſpecies of poetry. Th
uniform; that of the lyric is various
cumſtances of uniformity and variety,
cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucc
and unacceptable in the other. Whi
ſelf only in one form, it was familiar
cuſtom; but where it was obliged to
ent ſhapes of the lyric Muſe, it ſeeme
uncouth figure, was received rather
pleaſure, and entertained without tha
tion, which acquaintance and fam
Moreover, the heroic blank verſe obt
infinite importance to its general rece
adopted by one of the greateſt poets t

duced, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imitators, and became more generally ſucceſsful than even in thoſe countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verſe has met with no ſuch advantages; for Mr. Collins, whoſe genius and judgement in harmony might have given it ſo powerful an effect, hath left us but one ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the neareſt reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad and pherecratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity, whoſe works had no need of this whimſical jingle of ſounds.

From the following paſſage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his ſubject and his verſification ſuitable to each other on this occaſion, and that, when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the foppery of rhyme;

" Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the verſification of this

His paly circlet, at his warning
The fragrant hours, and elv
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreat
And ſheds the freſhening dew,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car."

In another we behold his ſtrong

" Then let me rove ſome wild
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dre
Whoſe walls more aweful no
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taſte for wh
magnificent in nature; when, p
enjoying his evening walk, he w

" That from the mountain's
Views wild and ſwelling flood

It might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to obſerve, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom nature has given the moſt perfect principles of taſte. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumſtance by no means unfavourable to the cauſe of lyric blank verſe; for ſurely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them.

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the ſubject and ſentiments of this ode, it ſeems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the Univerſity; when, weary with the purſuit of academical ſtudies, he no longer confined himſelf to the ſearch of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the ſcholar of humanity, to ſtudy nature in her works, and man in ſociety.

The following farewell to ſcience exhibits a very juſt as well as ſtriking picture; for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platoniſm and Pyrrhoniſm are allied:

" Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!"

When the mind goes in purſuit of viſionary ſyſtems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity

capacity to think abſtractedly, to reaſon and refine, the more it will be expoſed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty. —From an enthuſiaſtic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to perſiſt in ſome favourite doctrine, or to adhere to ſome adopted ſyſtem; but when that enthuſiaſm, which is founded on the vivacity of the paſſions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it ſupported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhoſpitable ſhore of doubt.—A ſtriking proof of the neceſſity of ſome moral rule of wiſdom and virtue, and ſome ſyſtem of happineſs eſtabliſhed by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's addreſs to Humour in this ode, there is one image of ſingular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of ſuch a nature, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, as to be perfectly ſymbolical and characteriſtic:

"Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide."

Nothing could be more expreſſive of wit, which conſiſts in a happy colliſion of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the diſpoſition of the jewels.

"O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time

when he wrote, ſince other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himſelf acknowledges afterwards.

" By old Miletus, &c.

By all you taught the Tuſcan maids, &c."

The Mileſian and Tuſcan romances were by no means diſtinguiſhed for humour; but as they were the models of that ſpecies of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reaſon only, mentioned here.

The PASSIONS. An ODE for Muſic.

IF the muſic which was compoſed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itſelf, it muſt have been the moſt excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and muſic have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the ſame nature have derived their greateſt reputation from the perfection of the muſic that accompanied them, having in themſelves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole ſoul and power of poetry—Expreſſion that, even without the aid of muſic, ſtrikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to tranſport the attention, without the forceful alliance of correſponding ſounds! what, then, muſt have been the effects of theſe united!

It is very obſervable that though the meaſure is the ſame, in which the muſical efforts of fear, anger, and deſpair, are deſcribed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is ſtrongly expreſſed: thus particularly of Deſpair:

With

" With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild."

He muſt be a very unſkilful compoſer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from theſe lines!

The picture of Hope that follows this is beautiful almoſt beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleaſure and fancy have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui ſemel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden ha

In what an exalted light does the above ſtanza place great maſter of poetical imagery and harmony! varied ſweetneſs of numbers! what delicacy of ju ment and expreſſion! how characteriſtically does prolong her ſtrain, repeat her ſoothing cloſes, call her aſſociate Echo for the ſame purpoſes, and d every pleaſing grace peculiar to her!

"And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui ſemel percurrit, relegat.

The deſcriptions of Joy, Jealouſy, and Revenge, are excellent; though not equally ſo; thoſe of Melancholy and Chearfulneſs are ſuperior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language.

AN EPISTLE

To Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works.

THIS poem was written by our author at the univerſity, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakeſpeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, it has ſtill more than the ſubject deſerves. The verſification is eaſy and genteel, and the alluſions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very juſtly drawn in this epiſtle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE on the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

Mr. Collins had *ſkill to complain*. Of that mournful melody, and thoſe tender images, which are the diſtin-

guiſhing excellencies of ſuch pieces as bewail departed friendſhip, or beauty, he was an almoſt unequalled maſter. He knew perfectly to exhibit ſuch circumſtances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great ſenſibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addreſſed himſelf to the feelings of others.

To read ſuch lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without correſponding emotions of pity, is ſurely impoſſible:

" The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,
Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's ſelf be dead."

The Ode on the Death of Thomſon ſeems to have been written in an excurſion to Richmond by water. The rural ſcenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whoſe merit lay in deſcriptions of the ſame kind, and the appellations of " Druid," and " meek Nature's child," are happily characteriſtic. For the better underſtanding of this ode, it is neceſſary to remember, that Mr. Thomſon lies buried in the church of Richmond.

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